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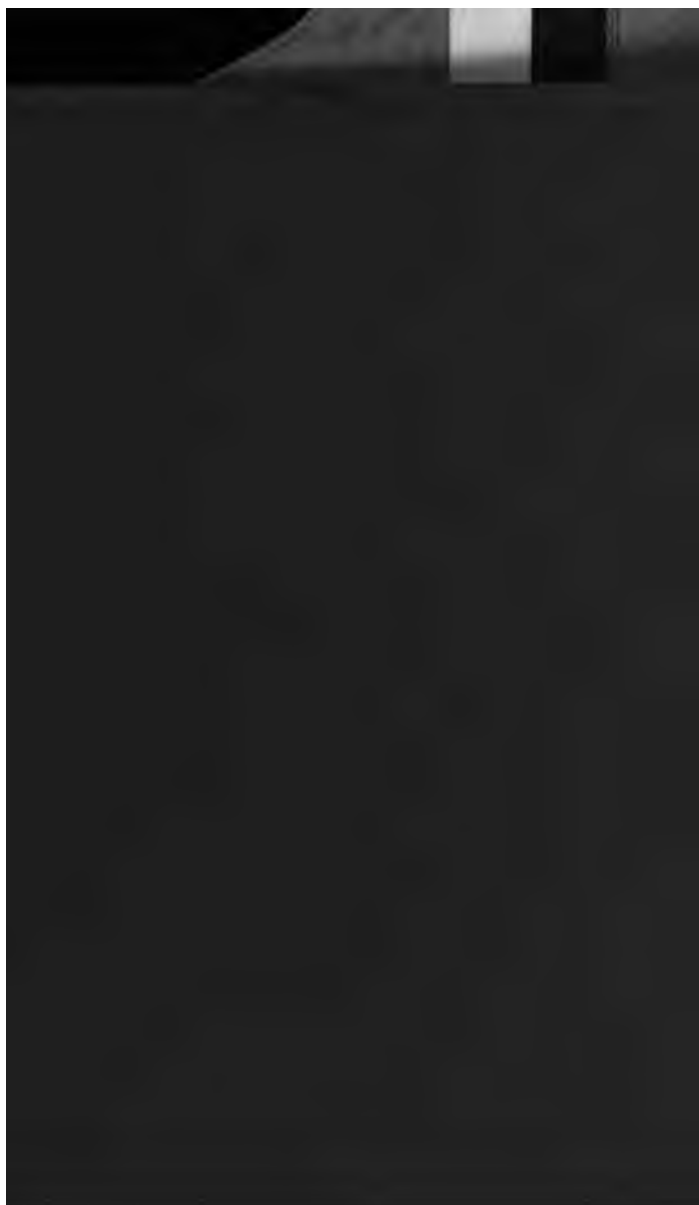
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INTERVALS
OF
REST AND REFRESHMENT.

** * Any Profits arising from the Sale of this Volume
will be devoted to the Irish Church Missions.*

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PREFACE.

THE poems which this volume contains are not committed to the press because of being imagined to possess any merit as compositions in poetry. Their value, if any, consists merely in the sacred truths which they express; truths which must ever be dear to the heart of the Christian, howsoever plain the language in which they are set forth.

There is an additional interest which attaches to them, from the circumstance that they have been composed during brief intervals of relaxation from almost incessant toil amongst the poorest inhabitants of one of the most densely populated parishes of the metropolis.

It has been thought, that possibly other fellow-workers in the field of missionary labour in parishes similarly circumstanced, may be both encouraged and quickened by perusing in this volume lines which have proved rest and refreshment to a companion in toil. If so, the publication will not be without its use: if it be owned of God to cheer one sorrowful heart, or to sustain one fainting spirit, the author will not regret having overcome a natural disinclination to publish what was intended only for private use.

The writer of this preface has often felt that none are more truly entitled to sympathy and admiration than those pious women who, regardless of their own ease or comfort, are to be found patiently labouring for the spiritual good of the neglected masses of the London poor. Theirs is the reality of missionary work, with none of its romance. So far as public observation goes, it is silent and unobtrusive. It is

carried on without show or ostentation. Its results do not figure in printed reports, nor are they made the theme of eloquent speeches, where eager multitudes throng to hear of the progress of the Gospel in regions ten thousand miles distant. It is a work which is seldom pursued without trials and discouragements; not unfrequently it is attended with personal risk and exposure to peril. But it is a real missionary work, with which none can be personally acquainted and doubt that it will be recognised in the great day of the manifestation of all things.

There is one principle, and one only, which is sufficient to qualify for this work, and to sustain a person under the trials which are incident to its discharge. That principle is the all-constraining love of Christ, and the steadfast expectation of His second appearing. It is that love filling the heart which makes toil and sacrifice for Christ's sake more than welcome; it

is that blessed hope which sheds radiance over the darkest cloud of present trial.

Those who read the following poems will perceive how the writer of them has been animated by this principle, and has found in its possession rest and refreshment whilst bearing the burden and heat of the day.

May many more such labourers be sent forth into the harvest, and become, by God's grace, fellow-sharers of the toil on earth and of the recompence above !

R. RIFON.

The Palace, Ripon,
1865.

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REST AND REFRESHMENT.

“God is Light.”

“God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.”—1 John, i. 5.



MY soul! why should'st thou fear,
If dark'ning clouds be rolling near?
Canst thou not mark their border bright,
Telling thee that thy “God is Light?”

Behind those clouds He hides His face,
Only that thou may'st trust His grace;
The darkness only veils *thy* sight:
Thy cov'nant-keeping “God is Light.”

Has He not led thee all thy way?
Shown thee His love from day to day?
Trust Him: *believe* His ways are right:
Thy providential “God is Light.”

If to increase thy faith in Him,
To guard His gold from growing dim,
To fit thee for His mansions bright,
Where thou wilt see thy “God is Light,”—

He prunes thee now in sorrow's hour,
Shows thee the greatness of that power
That leads, directs, in all thy fight,
And comes from God, for "God is Light;"—

Wilt thou refuse to trust that love
To bring thee to thy home above,
In His own way? which will be right;
For thy Jehovah—"God is Light."

Hush, then, my soul, each murm'ring voice;
Rest in thy God! in Him rejoice!
Glorify Him in sorrow's night;
Trust *now* thy God, for "God is Light."

When Canaan's shore is won at last,
And every tear and sorrow past,
When o'er thy sight no shade is cast,
Then thou shalt see, in glory bright,
The darkness only veiled *thy* sight—
That thy Eternal "God is Light."



Prayer.

“Cause me to hear the voice of Thy loving-kindness in the morning,
O Lord; for in Thee do I trust: cause me to know the way
wherein I should go; for I lift up my soul unto Thee.”—Ps.
cxliii. 8.

IHY voice, dear Saviour, let me hear,
Each morning as I kneel in prayer;
O draw me very near to Thee;
Let me Thy loving-kindness see.

In Thine own strength let me pursue
What Thou would'st have me daily do;
That I may to Thy glory live,
Wisdom and guidance to me give.

In Thee I put my trust, O Lord;
Give me the peace true faith affords:
Stillness of mind to hear Thee say,
“Strength shall be equal to thy day.”

“Cause me to know the way,” that Thou
Would'st lead me in my journey through:
And if a wave disturb my breast,
Calm it; and in Thee let me rest!

Saviour! to Thee I lift my heart;
Before me let Thy glory pass,

And in that brightness let me see
A glimpse of Heaven, a glimpse of Thee !

Such as will lift me far above
All earthly things ; and in Thy love
May I *abide* from day to day,
Till in Thy Presence I shall stay !

The Living Sacrifice.

“Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God’s.”—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

SAVIOUR ! my own I cannot be,
Since Thou hast giv’n Thy life for me,
Sav’d me from wrath to come !
Redeem’d with such a precious price
By Thee, the One Great Sacrifice,
Jesus ! to Thee I come.

I come, that Thou may’st life impart,
Life-holiness to fill my heart,
That it may be Thy throne.
Come, Holy Spirit ! dwell therein,
Subduing evil, conqu’ring sin,
And making me Thine own.

My Saviour's image make me bear,
While heavenward I journey here;
 That all around may see,
The nearer I draw to my home,
The more like Jesus I become,
 And less of earth in me!

Oh, wondrous thought! that Christ has bled,
And suffer'd in His people's stead,
 Purchas'd them in His love :
A greater price could not be giv'n,
Wherewith to ope the gates of Heav'n,
 That they might live above.

Oh, solemn thought of sacred joy !
How it should all our hearts employ,
 That Christ has died for me!
Worked out a righteousness, that I
In heart and life might glorify
 My Lord, and like Him be !



The Divine Example.

"Jesus withdrew Himself into the wilderness, and prayed." —
Luke, v. 16.

MY Saviour! didst *Thou* need
Those hours of secret prayer?
Shall I, a feeble reed,
Not watch *oft* with Thee there?
Yea, rather let me learn of Thee,
A watcher at those gates to be.

Lord, teach me how to pray,
Thy power and love to know;
Guide me from day to day,
Blessings on me bestow —
Blessings to fit me for the skies,
That I may in Thine Image rise.

Withdraw me from the love
Of every earthly thing
That hides me from Thy love,
My Saviour and my King!
Keep me at all times near Thy side,
And in me be Thou glorified!

Lead me from hour to hour,
And never let me stray
From Thee; but by Thy power
Preserve me in Thy way:
Sin may I hate yet more and more,
And learn and love Thy holy Law.

To hold communion sweet
Alone with Thee, my God,
That I may grow more meet
To dwell in Thine abode,
Me from the wilderness withdraw;
Make me to know and love Thee more.

And when Thou callest me
The wilderness to leave,
Through Jordan's narrow sea,
Jesus! my soul receive:
Then in Thy Presence may I wake,
My song of praise with saints to take!



Resignation.

“The cup which my Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?” —
John, xviii. 11.

MY Father ! dost Thou hold to me
A cup Thy love hath fill'd ?
Shall I refuse in it to see
Thy precious love reveal'd ?

Thou art *my Father*, why should I
Rebel against Thy will ?
Or disbelieve that Thou art nigh,
To guide and help me still ?

Or think, because I cannot read
Thy will concerning me,
That I, a poor, weak, sinful reed,
Should e'er forgotten be ?

Though, in the highest Heavens above,
Cherubim-angels sing
The praises of Redeeming Love
Beneath their folded wing ;

A sparrow falls not to the ground
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee ;
A breath of wind stirs not around,
But it is sent by Thee.

There's not a leaf in all the earth,
But Thou hast given it life ;
The smallest insect owes its birth
To Thee, Who art " the Life."

If such Thy providential care,
Oh ! why should I believe
Thou wilt not suffer me to share,
What all beside receive ?

What though in love Thou 'rt leading me
Over a stormy wave,
Thine arms of might are strong to hold,
For Thou art *near* to save !

Shall I not drink the cup, since it
Is held by Thine own Hand ?
Thou knowest what will make me fit
To dwell at Thy Right Hand.

Then keep me, guide me with Thine eye,
Nor suffer me to stray ;
But lead me to those joys on high
Which cannot fade away !

My Father ! I will trust in Thee,
 Though dark my path appear ;
 The threat'ning clouds that *now* I see,
 Will all be vanish'd *there* !

And in the cloudless realms above
 Of light, around Thy Throne,
 I shall behold, by power and love,
 That Thou didst guide me Home !

My cup of sorrow will give place
 To one of endless joy,
 And praise for all my trials past
 Will then my lips employ !

The Saint's Portion.

"Beloved, it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 John, iii. 2.



HAT thrilling words ! and can they be
 My Saviour's promise unto me ?
 Oh, yes ! had He not *first* loved me,
 Estranged from Him I still should be :
 But He has called me by His grace,
 Hereafter to behold His face.

To us it cannot yet appear
How great our joy, when we shall bear
Our Saviour's image: in the light
Of Heaven, no sin to dim our sight,
We then shall understand the bliss,
" For we shall see Him as He is : "

And " shall be like Him." Oh, how sweet
To bow with rapture at His feet !
To feel that sin is all forgiven,
Our pardon past, and sealed in Heav'n ;
Christ's robe of righteousness to wear,
And sing our Saviour's praises there !

If such our prospects, oh, how near
To Jesus we should now live here !
Trials and tears to us may come,
But they but waft us nearer home :
Our privilege on Him to cast
All care, Whose promises stand fast.

Jesus, my Saviour and my Friend !
Still guide me to my journey's end :
Thou knowest best the way for me,
Then let me closely follow Thee :
Sanctify to me *all* Thy will,
And with Thy peace my bosom fill !

Give me sweet foretastes here below
 Of joys which I in Heav'n shall know,
 When Thine own Hand shall wipe away
 My tears; and when in endless day,
 With saints and angels I shall stand,
 Amidst Thy ransom'd happy band !

Earthly not our Home.

"Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." —
 Heb. xiii. 14.

HASTEN, pilgrim, on to glory,
 Soon thy conflicts will be o'er ;
 Soon in Heaven thou 'lt trace life's story,
 Mingled then with tears no more !
 Here on earth thou art a stranger,
 And canst find no resting-place ;
 Here thy lot is ever changing,
 For all His will He gives thee grace.

On earth there 's no continuing home
 For the heav'n-bound pilgrim : day
 By day he seeks the one to come,
 Which can never fade away !
 Hasten, pilgrim ! then, nor loiter
 On thy way with care opprest :
 Why shouldst *thou* the burden suffer ?
 Lean on Christ : *He* 'll give thee rest !

Hasten forward to the city
Of the " New Jerusalem,"
Staff in hand ; and with the mighty
" Shield of faith " to conquer them
Who would oppose thy heav'nward course :
Foes thou hast, without, within,
But Christ has strength beyond their force ;
Conqu'ror thou shalt be through Him !

Bravely fight beneath His banner,
Gird thee on thine armour bright,
In His strength He'll make thee conquer,
And will make thy darkness light.
A crown of glory waiteth thee,
In the city yet to come ;
A deathless crown He will give thee,
In thy new and heavenly home.

The Light of Heaven.

" There is nothing hid which shall not be manifested."—Mark, iv. 22.

TRIED Christian ! canst thou trust thy Lord,
Though dark thy path may be ?
Knowest thou not that with His Word
He calms the troubled sea ?

Though hidden now His way appear,
Mysterious — 'tis thine
To trust — manifested and clear
It will in glory shine.

In mercy now, with His own hand
He veils thy sight. In love
He teaches thee by faith to stand,
And pleads for thee above !

Then fear no changes that may come,
But fix thy mind on things
Above, in thine eternal home,
Where saints and angels sing.

No partings will be there ! no tear
To make the eye grow dim !
Jesus, our Saviour, will be there,
And we shall be with Him !

The Death of a Friend.

“To die is gain.”— Philip. i. 23.

SHE sleeps in Jesus !— Calm repose.
No burning tears her eyelids close.
No aching mind, no fever'd brow—
She sweetly rests in Jesus now !

The last warm tear is wiped away,
And now she dwells in endless day!
Thankful for all her trials past,
That made her meet for Heav'n at last !

She sees her Saviour as He is !
We cannot fathom her deep bliss,
Until with her we join in song,
And praise our Saviour all along !

When *our* last conflict, too, is o'er,
And we, through Christ, have gain'd the shore
Of that bright haven, where no sin,
And no temptations enter in ;

When we, with her, at Jesu's feet
Shall cast our crowns, how passing sweet
To know our trials all are done,
Earth's partings past, and Heaven won !

Then we shall know and understand
The pure delights of that blest land ;
And shall with adoration bow,
With those who sleep in Jesus now.

Oh ! when you miss that loved one here,
Whom in your hearts you still hold dear,
When mem'ry dwells on days gone by,
And the full heart will heave the sigh ;

And tears will flow,— think, “ Jesus wept,”
 When of His friend He was bereft:
 He counts *your* tears, He hears each sigh,
 And He in all your grief is nigh !

Soon, soon He will return to reign
 On earth, and we shall meet again
 Each loved one ; then no more to part ;
 And shall from Jesus ne’er depart !

Let us, then, closely walk with Him,
 Nor let the eye of faith grow dim ;
 Trust Him—until our course is run,
 In all things say, “ Thy will be done ! ”

A Desire.

“ Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.”—
 Philip. i. 23.

SAVIOUR ! I long to be at home with Thee,
 From all temptation, sin, and conflict free ;
 I long to know the deep, unbroken joy,
 When only praises shall my lips employ :
 I long to join the ransom’d throng above,
 Singing the praises of Redeeming Love !

Though this desire dwells deep within my heart,
I cannot ask Thee that I may depart
From all that e'en now makes my tears to flow,
'Till Thou hast made me meet and fit to go
To that bright land where sin can never come—
The saints' unchanging and eternal home !

Then let me live the life of faith on earth,
Which to Thine unveil'd presence can alone give birth ;
And draw me nearer, and still nearer Thee ;
Wholly make me as Thou would'st have me be.
“ My times are in Thy hand ; ” then let me stay
On earth 'till Thou would'st call me hence away.

Dear Saviour ! tend'rest, weakest branch am I ;
But it is sweet to me to feel Thee nigh :
What, then, will be my joy at Thy right hand,
Clad in Thy robe of righteousness to stand ?
All sorrow past, and ev'ry sin forgiven,
From Thee received my Birthright into Heav'n !



The Saint's Banner.

"His banner over me was love."—Song of Sol. ii. 4.

SAY, hast thou known a cloudy day,
Without one gleam or shining ray?
Christ was pleading still above,
"His banner over thee was love."

Thou couldst not trace His hand, nor see
How God in wisdom guided thee;
Thou couldst not pierce the veil above,
To see "His banner still was love."

But it *was* love: He saw the end
From the beginning; and to bend
Thy will to His, thy faith to prove,
His *unseen* "banner still was love."

But hast thou not had moments sweet,
When thou hast felt low at His feet
Thou couldst remain, no more to rove,
And seen "His banner then was love?"

When at His table thou hast been,
Hast thou not there thy Saviour seen,
So near to thee that thou didst prove
“ His banner over thee was love ?

Yes ! it was love that brought thee there,
Made thee the object of His care :
Never from thee will He remove ;
“ His banner ever will be love.”

His mighty love supplies each day
Unnumber'd mercies by the way :
Cannot thy heart ascend above,
And trust “ His banner to be love ? ”

In each succeeding day and hour
He'll shield thee with His mighty power.
Fear not—thou never canst remove,
But where “ His banner will be love ! ”

Then render Him a life of praise,
A daily sacrifice ! to raise
With joy the angels' songs above !
Praise, praise Him, that “ His banner's love ! ”



The Redeemer's Prayer.

"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given me, may be with me where I am."—John, xvii, 24.

"**F**ATHER, I will!" our Saviour prayed,
 For all whose hopes on Him are stayed.
 Who could thus have interceded?
 Who for us could so have pleaded?
 But He Who once this earth hath trod,
 "The Son of man"—and "Son of God!"

He prayed for us, that we might be
 With Him, and might His glory see!
 What *depth* of love was in that prayer,
 To be reveal'd, when we shall share
 Those pleasures which, at His right hand,
 Flow ceaseless on at His command!

"Whom Thou hast given me!" Sacred tie!
 Our Saviour's through eternity!
 None can dissolve those bonds of love,
 Whisper'd on earth, echo'd above:
 A chain too strong for death to break,—
 Our Saviour died, and for *our* sake!

And still that love burns on the same.
"He lives to plead" for those He came
From Heaven to save, and stoops to hear
The faintest accent breathed in prayer :
No sigh is lost—no tear forgot —
By Him Who lives and changes not !

Lord ! when Thy flock are gather'd home,
And when on earth "Thy Kingdom 's come,"
The temple raised, the top-stone set,
Thy blood-bought family complete,
A polished stone let *me* appear,
Carved by Thy Hand, by *Thee* placed there !

Christ is Precious.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet. ii. 7.

PRECIOUS Saviour ! dear Thou art
To this weak, oft-wand'ring heart ;
But I want to love Thee more,
Thee to worship and adore :
Give me grace, or I shall stray
Far from Thee, and lose my way ;
Take and keep this treach'rous heart,
That from Thee it ne'er depart.

Teach me, Lord, Thy love to know
While I journey here below ;
As my strength, my joy, my stay,
Guiding me in all my way ;
Leading where I cannot see,
Choosing all my lot for me,
Shielding me from ev'ry ill,
Let *this* love my bosom fill.

Precious art Thou in the hour
Of temptation's fiery power ;
Near to strengthen me Thou art,
To resist all Satan's darts :
Lord ! remove each cloud of sin ;
Let me *hear* Thy voice within ;
Bid each sinful thought depart ;
Reign supremely in my heart !

And how precious, Lord, art Thou,
When Thou callest me to bow
Silent, at Thy sov'reign will,
Though tears my eyes blindly fill :
Let me, Lord, then, lean on Thee,
O'er the troubled stormy sea ;
In affliction's sacred hour
Learn Thy love, and trust Thy pow'r.

Precious will it be to me,
Crossing Jordan's narrow sea,

Feeling Thy supporting arm,
Bearing me through death's alarm.
When on Canaan's shore I stand,
Thither led by Thine own hand,
Lost in rapture — seeing Thee —
Precious wilt Thou be to me.

The Spirit's Work.

“He will guide you into all truth.”— John, xvi. 13.

SPIRIT of Truth and Light,
Shed Thine influence bright
Abroad within my heart;
Bid darkness all depart!
Fill me with light, that I may see,
The truths Thou canst reveal to me.

Higher, higher, lift me,
From all that would drift me
Away from heav'nly joys,
Content with earthly toys;
But bid my spirit rise and soar
To joys unknown, unseen, before.

Take of the things of Christ,
 In their life-giving light,
 And show them unto me,
 That in them I may see
 The joys untold Thou canst unfold,
 As in them Jesus I behold !

Spirit of Life and Peace,
 Bid doubt and sadness cease ;
 Abide within my heart,
 Life-holiness impart ;
 Thy sacred influence ever give,
 That I may to my Saviour live !

Christ's Promise.

" My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—

Exod. xxxiii. 14.

JESUS ! be Thou *near* to guide,
 Near to help, whate'er betide,
 Near to strengthen me when weak,
 Near to guard me as I sleep,
 Near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere I my day's journey take.
 Let Thy presence go with me —
 Jesus ! live and dwell in me !

Heavenly Saviour ! give me rest,
That in Thee I may be blest ; —
Rest in each day's work and care,
Rest that I my cross may bear,
Rest from strong temptation's pow'r,
Rest in ev'ry weary hour :
Give me perfect rest in Thee.
Jesus ! live and dwell in me !

May Thy presence cheer my heart
When I'm called from friends to part :
Never let me feel alone,
Make my heart Thy constant throne :
Leaving earthly things behind,
Rest and peace, Lord, let me find.
Now and through eternity,
Jesus ! live and dwell with me !

The Vanity of Earth.

“The fashion of this world passeth away.”—1 Cor. vii. 31

RASSING away
All that now grieves,
In endless day
Soon thou shalt live.

Then why goest thou with care opprest?
Soon thou wilt rest on thy Saviour's breast.

Sin and sorrow
All will be o'er,
When the morrow
On Canaan's shore
Shall dawn for thee; and what *then* to thee
Will be these conflicts now sadd'ning thee?

Then loose thy hold
Of earthly things;
Let faith unfold
Thy spirit's wings;
Unclasp each chain that binds thee to earth,
And hides from thy view thy heavenly birth.

Higher, higher,
Still rise above,
Live thee nearer
God's throne of love :
All *earthly* things are passing away !
The joys of Heaven will *never* decay !



The Conflict.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. vi. 12.

FIGHT—nor stop to ponder;
 Keep your eye fixed yonder,
 Where your Redeemer ever stays :
 Steadily gaze on Him,
 Let not your sight grow dim,
 But let your faith gild hope's bright rays.

Keep all your armour bright,
 Let *no* sin dim its light,
 In constant prayer your strength renew.
 Live high above the world,
 Your banner keep unfurl'd,
 Bearing your Saviour's Name in view.

"Fight the good fight of faith,"
 Well arm'd with what God saith,
 Hereafter you shall have a crown :
 Conflicts will soon be o'er,
 Through Christ you'll gain the shore,
 Where you may lay your weapons down !

Prayer.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 Thess. v. 17.

"Pour out your heart before Him."—Ps. lxxii. 8.



H! what a privilege is prayer!
 To come to God with every care!
 To cast ourselves before His throne,
 Pleading the merits of His Son;
 To claim forgiveness through His blood,
 Who came to make our peace with God!

Prayer strengthens love, and nerves the soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole;
 In prayer we gain the highest stand,
 From whence we view the promised land:
 The more on earth we live in prayer,
 The more of bliss we shall have there.

Then rise, my sluggish soul! take wing
 And soar beyond each earthly thing;
 Above the world *oft* take thy flight,
 Up to God's throne, where all is bright:
 No shadows *there* need intervene
 Between the soul and Heaven's Great King!

The Veiled and Unveiled.

“ Now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face.”—
1 Cor. xiii. 12.

TIS darkness here ! the light will come
When we have reach'd our heavenly home :
Faith *must* be tested, that it may
Brighten our crown through endless day !

'Tis darkness here ! but thou shalt see
How God in wisdom guided thee ;
Led thee through unseen dangers here,
Through His wise providential care.

The map of life thou 'lt clearly trace,
When thou shalt see Him “ face to face ; ”
Thou shalt look back on all the way,
And praise His love through endless day.

Then trust Him with implicit love,
To guide thee to His home above :
Each darken'd path will surely tend
To a sweet, peaceful, happy end !

The Refiner.

“He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.”—Mal. iii. 3.

A GOOD refiner watches by
 His silver and his gold,
 Nor for a moment turns his eye,
 Lest it should grow too cold :
 Nor suffers he the heat to rise
 Above its tested height,
 But sits to watch his precious prize,
 That it may come forth bright.

And when, from all the dusky dross
 That hid its valued worth,
 Made it appear almost a loss,
 A nugget made of earth ;
 When from the furnace purified
 'Twill bear the test of light,
 The owner joys thus to behold
 His gold and silver bright !



The Purifier.

“When Thou hast tried me, I shall come forth as gold.”—Job, xxxiii. 10.

AND thus, dear Saviour, Thou dost try
 Thy suffering saints on earth,
 Only that Thou may'st purify
 Them for their heav'nly birth : —
 Thou sitt'st to watch the fiery flame,
 To purge away the dross ;
 Thou sanctifiest all their pain,
 Blessing each daily cross !

Thou suff'rest not the furnace heat
 Severer, Lord, to be,
 Than that Thou seest will make them meet
 To dwell in Heaven with Thee !
 And when their earthly joys decay,
 And they may *seem alone*,
 'Tis but to teach them day by day
 Their hearts must be *Thy Throne* !

Then lead *me* on, dear Lord, until,
 Refined and purified
 From earthly dross — unblameable,
 I may, as gold is tried,

Come forth, prepared by Thine own hand,
And watched in tender love,
A jewel bright, cleansed and refined,
Set in Thy Crown above !

Sunset.

“The sun knoweth his going down.”—Ps. civ. 19.

SLOW sinking to rest,
With thy golden crest,
Thy day's work is done,
Thou glorious sun !

Dark clouds thou hast past,
But they only cast
A shade, that thy light
Might shine forth more bright.

And now thou hast gone :
But still shinest on,
Where we cannot be
Thy glory to see.

But thou shalt return
With the morrow's dawn,
This same earth to cheer
With thy new career.

Does not all this tell,
With a sacred spell,
Of the Christian's life
In this world of strife?

He, just as the sun,
His daily course runs ;
No time can he lose,
His course he pursues.

The clouds that o'er cast
A shade, as they pass,
Only make the light
Of his hope more bright.

And then, at the close
Of life's joys and woes,
He sinks into rest
On his Saviour's breast !

A veil then is drawn —
But still he lives on ;
With Jesus to be
Through eternity.

And when Christ again
On earth comes to reign,
His saints He will bring
Who are sleeping in Him !

The Saviour's Name.

"There is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts, iv. 12.



NE Home—one Name,
One rest above:
None other Name
But His, Who is love.

One salvation
Offered to man;
One redemption—
The blood of the Lamb!

One Sacrifice,
One holy feast,
One Paradise—
The home of the blest.

One Father—God,
One Friend above—
Our Heavenly Lord,
One Spirit of Love.

One family,
To be complete,
Eternally,
When with Christ they meet !

Saved through one Name ;
Clothed in one dress,
For ever the same —
Christ's own Righteousness !

Christ's Witnesses.

"Ye are my witnesses."—Isa. xliii. 10.

MY witnesses ! Lord, can it be
That even *I* am called to be
A witness on this earth for Thee ?

To live as one whom Thou hast bought
With Thine own blood ! by grace hast sought,
And out of endless ruin brought ?

To show to others that Thy love
Can guide me to my Home above ?
That from me Thou wilt ne'er remove ?

To let them see my every word,
 My life, my temper, do accord
 With Thine own pattern, heavenly Lord?

That though I'm weak, and prone to stray,
 Thy power uplifts me all the way,
 That in *Thy* strength I live each day?

That I may thus my course pursue,
 Lord, strengthen me Thy will to do;
 My faith increase, my strength renew.

In life, Thy witness let me be;
 In death, still witnessing for Thee—
 Thy witness through eternity!

Ruins.

ON VISITING THE ABBEY RUINS IN READING.

"Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth : and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure. Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail."—Ps. cii. 25-27.

RUMBLING away!
 Past is thy day!

And where are those who dwelt
 Within these walls,
 And ancient halls,
 Here joy and sorrow felt?

They've passed away,
 Yet dwell for aye
 In endless joy or pain !
 Returned to dust,
 Yet rise they must,
 For they shall live again !


These ruins ought,
 With solemn thought,
 To fill our hearts and minds ;
 To us they say,
 Earth's stores decay,
 On them fix not thy mind.

Let *us* prepare
 The voice to hear,
 That calls from earth " Away !"
 That we may rise,
 With sweet surprise,
 To view the Eternal Day !

Praised be Thy Name !
 " Thou art the same,
 Thy years shall never cease !"
 " Thy kingdom come,
 Thy will be done,"
 On earth be " perfect peace !"

Sowing-Time.

“They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”—Ps. cxxvi. 5.

 CHRISTIAN labourer in thy Lord's vineyard,
Desiring for Him thy life to employ,
Let this the motto be of thy standard —
“All they who sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

This is the *sowing*-time : hush, then, thy fears;
Expect not to work without some alloy:
With “the good seed” there *will* spring up “the tares;”
But “they that sow in tears *shall* reap in joy.”

Patiently wait till the harvest-time dawns,
Till the Great Husbandman comes back with joy,
Gathering together the wheat in His barns:
Then “they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

It may be, on earth thou seest *no* fruit,
But much to discourage, much to annoy,
And oftentimes think there's no good result;
But “they that sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

The work is thy Lord's, and does He not call
His servants to work midst sorrow and joy?
Else why should He give the promise at all,
That “they that sow in tears shall reap in joy?”

In living faith and prayer sow then "the seed,"
 And Christ thy Lord's presence thou shalt enjoy;
He'll prosper thy work : He'll supply each need —
 For "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

His is the harvest-field; 'tis His delight,
 In His service on earth His saints to employ,
 Ripening them here for His service "in light,"
 When "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Have faith in His Word : is it not written,
 That "My Word shall *not* return to me *void*?"
 "Only believe," your Saviour has spoken :
 And "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Contentment.

"I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."—
 Philip. iv. 11.

I'VE learnèd now to be content,
 For well I know all God hast sent
 Has been from His own hand !
 There's not one tear, nor trial past,
 Nor wintry cloud my sky o'ercast,
 But came at His command !

Sometimes a murm'ring spirit will
 This trembling, anxious bosom fill;
 Then all again is peace:
 God shows His mercies far outweigh
 The thorns and briers by the way,
 And bids the tumult cease!

The path of sorrow can alone
 Teach us to say, "Thy will be done:"
 And *Thy* will, Lord, *is* best.
 Oh, help me, then, to be content,
 And on Thy will be wholly bent,
 Leaving to Thee the rest.

The future, Lord, is hid from me,
 But all that path is known to Thee,
 Guided by Thy control:
 In will, heart, life, *Thine* let me be,
 A living sacrifice to Thee,
 For Thou canst claim the whole.

God in Creation.

"God is love."—1 John, iv. 8.

WORD, all things round tell of Thy love —
 The earth below, the heavens above:
 The earth, with all its verdure bright,
 The heavens, with all their starry light.
 That "God is love"
 All things declare — on earth, above.

The leaf, the bud, the op'ning flower,
The evening dew, the early shower;
Fields, with their weight of golden corn,
Heaven's sweet songsters on wing upborne;

Our "God is love"

They all declare — on earth, above.

Sweet, bright flowers of various hue,
The noble oak, the ash, the yew;
Trees laden with the fruits they bear,
Tell of a Father's love and care:

Our "God is love"

They all declare — on earth, above.

The little rivulet, that shows
Its pebbles bright as on it flows;
The mighty ocean, boundless sea,
The winding river, with shady tree;

Our "God is love"

All things declare — on earth, above.

The golden eve, the silvery dawn,
The carollings of birds at morn,
The snow-capp'd mount, the peaceful vale,
The stream, the rock, the hill, the dale;

Our "God is love"

These all declare — on earth, above.

The dewy pearl, the rainbow's arch,
 The sun's bright course, the moon's state march,
 Each take their part, and all fulfil
 The sov'reign counsels of His will :
 Our " God is love "
 They all declare — on earth, above.
 Almighty Lord ! Creation's God !
 By saints and angels praised, adored,
 " Who meetest heaven with a span,"
 Whose love these gifts provides for man :
 That " God is love "
 Thou'rt seen to be — on earth, above.
 Now, midst the songs of saints around
 Thy glorious Throne, and midst the sound
 Of angel-harps, Thee *we* would praise ; .
 To Thee our grateful hearts we raise,
 Thou " God of love :"
 Thee may we praise on earth, then worship Thee
 above !

Longing for Rest.

" And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly
 away, and be at rest."—Ps. lv. 6.

I AD I thy wings, thou silvery dove,
 I'd fly on high, above, above.
 All earthly things, and be at rest,
 Secure within my Saviour's breast !

I'd leave all sin and care behind
For noblest joys of purest kind ;
I'd join the songs of saints above,
In praises of Redeeming Love !

I'd tune my harp anew, and string
Its deep-toned chords, that they might ring,
Sounding the vaults of heaven, until
Angels they would with rapture fill !

My branch of victory, my crown,
At Jesus' feet I would lay down :
To Him who won that crown for me
My song of praise would ever be.

I'd listen to my Saviour's voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
Low at His footstool would I lie,
And be to Jesus ever nigh !

His service then would be my joy,
And no sin there my peace alloy ;
At His command I'd move or rest,
In those bright mansions of the blest !

In silent rapture I would bend,
With sainted parents, sisters, friend ;
Children, brothers, with all I love,
Recounting there Jehovah's love !

I'd hold communion, high and sweet,
With ransomed saints — our joy how great !—
Beholding Jesus “ face to face ;”
Safe there through His redeeming grace !

My happiness would be complete !—
Stay, stay, my soul ! say, art thou *meet*
That glorious city to behold,
Whose gates are pearl, whose streets are gold ?

To join with angels, saints, above,
In praises of the Father's love ?
To see the Saviour “ as He is ?”
To taste the Holy Spirit's bliss ?

To lay your warfare-weapons by,
For the palm-branch of victory ?
To wear your crown, to take your stand
With those at your Redeemer's Hand ?

Oh ! ask not yet for silvery wings
To waft you from these earthly things :
While here your Saviour bids you wait,
You cannot reach those jewell'd gates !

Let your life more be hid in Him ;
Nor let the eye of faith grow dim :
Cling *closely* to the Crucified,
And *soon* He'll bear you to His side.

The First Martyr.

“When he had said this, he fell asleep.”—Acts, vii. 60.

A MULTITUDE were gathered round
 To see the martyr die;
 Their cruel murd'rous voices sound,
 But *his* the victory :
 He gazed, and saw his Saviour stand,
 Pleading for him at God's right hand !

And with his Saviour's dying words
 He closed his conflict-life ;
 For lo ! his cruel murderers heard
 Him praying for their life : —
 “ He kneelèd down,” and cried aloud,
 “ To their charge lay not this sin, Lord.”

Then “ fell asleep ” on Jesu's breast.
 They looked — and he was gone :
 Their prey was taken to his rest,
 And his — the martyr's crown !
 The walls of heaven with voices ring,
 Welcoming Christ's first martyr in !

A new-born joy was known above,
Throughout the heavenly throng ;
New chords of praise, new notes of love,
Inspired their sacred song :
The sufferer's voice of prayer had given
Place to the martyr's song in heaven !

But what that martyr's blest employ
Through ages since has been,
We know not ; but we know the joy
Of saints, who are in heaven,
Is not complete ; in Paradise
They rest, till we with them shall rise.

It may be that their harps are strung
With chords of sacred joy ;
No longer on the willows hung,
For sin cannot alloy :
Or, they may be in *silent* rest ;
But this we know—*with Christ* they rest !



The Sabbath.

“It shall be unto you a sabbath of rest.”— Lev. xxiii. 60.



OW welcome is the day of rest !

'Tis the sweetest, brightest, best

Of all the seven :

All earthly cares are made to cease,

And o'er the Christian's heart flows peace—

Foretaste of heaven !

“ A still small voice ” is heard within,
Hushing the world's rough noise and din,

As if 't would say,—

“ This day of rest to thee I've given,

“ To make thee meet for rest in heaven

“ Through endless day.

“ Bid worldly wandering thoughts begone,

“ To leave thee with thy God alone.

“ Give Me thy heart;

“ I'll soothe its cares and calm each wave,

“ For I'm omnipotent to save,

“ Though weak thou art.”

Lord ! let me spend my sabbaths here,
Rememb'ring Thou art ever near

With watchful eye.

In thought nor word let me not grieve

Thy Holy Spirit ; in me breathe

True sanctity.

When earthly sabbaths all are o'er,

And closed each earthly temple's door,

Which oft has been

The house of prayer, the gate of heaven,

At early morn and sunset even,

Where Thou wast seen ;

When the eternal sabbath dawn

On the great Resurrection morn,

Let me appear

In Thy Temple, Lord, where Thou

Wilt be the Light and Glory, too :

Where reigns no fear !

And where no more shall sin destroy

The sacred service of its joy :

For we shall be

Transformed into Thine Image bright :

Our sabbath there shall have " no night,"

No troubled sea !

No more return to earth again ;
No mental conflict—"no more pain ;"
For every tear
With Thine hand shall be wiped away,
And we shall sing, through endless day,
Thy praises there !

The Christian's Joys.

"We joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. v. 11.

THE Christian's joys ! Say, what are they ?
The transient pleasures of a day,
That leave a worn and tired frame—
Perchance a pang that they e'er came ?
Are *these* the joys to satisfy
The heir of Immortality ?

The Christian's joys ! then what are these ?
Earthly distinctions, riches, ease ?
The golden stores this world can give,
Are these the joys for which he lives ?
Oh, no ! these cannot satisfy
The heir of Immortality !

The Christians joys are nobler far,
 Rise higher than the highest star;
 There's nothing *finite* that can fill
 The Christian's soul. Christ's "Peace, be still!"
 That voice *alone* can satisfy
 The heir of Immortality!

The Christian's joys are "peace with God,
 "Through Jesus Christ, his King and Lord;"
 The sense of pardon, hope of Heaven,
 A present Friend, a Saviour given.
 Christ here, Christ there, *can* satisfy
 The heir of Immortality!

The Divine Intercessor.

"He ever liveth to make intercession."—Heb. vii. 25.

YES! Jesus lives, is still the same,
 Saviour of love, as when He came,
 With yearning heart, to die for men.

He lives to bless, to intercede;
 He lives to love, to watch, to plead;
 He lives to be a Friend indeed.

He lives to hearken when we cry;
 He lives to be for ever nigh,
 When we to Him for succour fly.

He lives to keep us, lest we fall;
He lives to be our strength, our all;
To guard us from temptation's call.

He lives to count up all our tears,
To calm our sorrows, hush our fears;
And all our griefs Himself He bears.

He lives to send His Spirit down,
To hide us from our Father's frown,
That we, in Him, our God may own.

Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Jesus lives, and changes never !
Nothing can us from Him sever.

In all He takes away and gives,
Sustaining peace this thought may give —
“ I *know* that my Redeemer lives ! ”

The Vessel of Honour.

“ A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use.”—
2 Tim. ii. 21.

LORD ! hast Thou callèd me to be
“ A chosen vessel ” unto Thee?
Then send Thy Spirit from on high,
My wandering heart to sanctify !

To cleanse it from each sinful thought,
That I may serve Thee as I ought ;
“ A vessel unto honour ” be,
“ A chosen vessel ” meet for Thee.

Meet for Thy service, Lord, below,
As daily heavenward I go ;
Wake, *keep* my heart awake, to see
All thou would’st have me do for Thee.

Oh ! may Thy Spirit fit me here
For glory in the heavenly sphere ;
Meet for Thy service, Lord, to be,
Through one long, bright Eternity.

While here I nightly pitch my tent,
Grateful for all Thy mercies sent,
Riper for heaven let me be found ;
Make holiness in me abound.

And me, a vessel purified,
A vessel truly sanctified,
A vessel “ unto honour ” here,
A vessel “ full of glory ” there !



Praise.

“Praise ye the Lord.”—Ps. cxlix.

LORD ! accept our feeble praise !
 To Thee our thankful hearts we raise ;
 To Thee Who gave Thy Son to die,
 To Thee Who brought salvation nigh,
 Our sacrifice of praise we bring :
 May Heaven's walls its echo ring.

For gifts with which this earth o'erflows —
 Its fruitful fields, its winter snows,
 Its spring's new life, its gentle rain,
 Its summer's bright and glorious reign,
 Its autumn's mellow'd fruits that bear
 Impress of a Father's care ;


For these — for all — we praise Thee, Lord !
 And ever be Thy Name adored
 For greater mercies to us given —
 The hope of glory, hope of heaven ;
 That Thou didst first love us, and we
 Were gently drawn to loving Thee.

We praise Thee for our trials past,
We praise Thee for each cloud that cast
A shadow o'er our pathway here,
Making Thee to our hearts more dear :
We praise Thee for each need supplied
While passing through the stormy tide.

For all Thy providential care,
For all Thy love Thou mak'st us share,
For mercies lent, for mercies given,
For those who've passed from us to heaven,
For pardon sealed with Jesu's blood,
We thank, we praise Thee, heavenly Lord !

Birthday Thoughts.

"Thou hast been my help ; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—Ps. xxvii. 9, 10.

NOTHER year has passed away,
And I am nearer endless day !
Another year, with all its cares,
Its sins, its changes, joys, and tears !

Its hours of sadness and of gloom,
Have only brought me nearer home !
Yes ! nearer home, and nearer Thee,
And one year nearer seeing Thee !

Freer from care then may I live,
If God another year should give :
Since Christ has bought me with His blood,
Nought can divide me from my God.

Or, if that I no more may roam,
This year should bear me safely home,
Prepare me, Lord, Thy voice to hear,
That summons me from all things here.

Now, heavenly Father, give me grace,
That when I meet Thee "face to face,"
"Complete in Jesus" I may stand
Amidst Thy ransomed happy band.

Since I first drew my infant breath,
Lord, "Thou hast been my help;" beneath
Thy watchful eye I've dwelt secure:
Guard, keep me, guide me evermore!

Let me this year more faithful prove
To Thee, for Thy redeeming love!
And in *their* footsteps lead *me* on
Who've gone before — their victory won!

Thy mercies have been numberless,
Thou "Father of the fatherless!"
The orphan's God! the orphan's Friend!
I *know* Thou'lt keep me to the end!

Father! to Thee my heart I raise,
Let this new year dawn wing'd with praise :
Praises for all Thy mercies past,
Praises to Thee while life shall last !

Saviour! a mighty blessing give,
That I may to Thy glory live :
My sins forgive, my strength renew,
Guide, keep me all my journey through !

Holy Spirit! grant this new year
May witness in me fruits to bear —
Praise to the Father, Son, and Thee,
In time and through eternity !

Heavenly Affection.

“Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.”—
Col. iii. 2.

THE less the soul consults with earthly things,
The less of earthly dross upon its wings,
The nearer Heaven's gate it soars and sings :
The less its wings are daubed with earthly clay,
With love sublimer it will “watch and pray,”
And riper it will grow for endless day.

To things above must its affections rise,
 To yonder Home within those star-veiled skies,
 Where pure joy reigns, and never, never dies !
 Yes—if to join with saints and angels there,
 Their songs of praise, their rapturous joy to share,
 And on the forehead God's own Name to bear,
 The soul must *now* unclasp each hidden chain,
 Suffering not one rebel will to reign,
 However dear the cost, or sharp the pain,—
 For, where the treasure is, the heart will be.
 Resign then, all, thy Saviour asks of thee ;
 Supremely set on Him let thy affection be ;
 Then, when Heaven's shore is gained, and thou shalt
 stand
 In rapture lost amidst the glories of that better land,
 How small will seem the sacrifice thy Saviour did
 demand !

Change.

“They have no changes, therefore they fear not God.”—Ps. lv. 19.



AD picture here of those whom God has tried,
 Unheeded : His voice was lost beneath the
 tide
 Of earthly pleasures ; nor been sanctified.

But is it so, that changes here *must* come
 To the worn pilgrim, as he journeys home,
 Whilst in this wilderness he's called to roam ?
 Yes ! " if a child of God, joint-heir with Christ,"
 Hereafter to be glorified in light,
 To wear " the crown of life " unfading, bright ;
 To dwell for ever where no change shall be,
 No rending ties, no partings there to see,
 Where Christ and all His shall for ever be !
 Changes on earth he must expect to see !
Strange can we call it, while we journey here,
 With hearts so prone to make earth's joys too dear,
 Too closely twined, and Heaven's joys less clear
 To faith's dimmed eyes ? yea, rather, we may raise
 Our hearts in thankful gratitude and praise,
 And see, midst every change, Heaven's purer, brighter
 rays.

Christ with the Believer in Suffering.

" Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name : thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee : when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."—Isa. xliii. 1, 2.



MIDST the chequered scenes of life,
 Its partings, sorrows, tears, and strife,
 Its sins and cares of every day,
 What is the tried believer's stay ?

That voice — “*Fear not*,” for *I* am near;
 Though I take from thee those most dear,
 And into deepest waters draw,
I’ll never leave thee, nor withdraw.
 They may rise high, they may be deep,
 My watchful eye can never sleep;
 Nor suffer e’en one wave to come,
 But it will waft thee nearer home!
 Sometimes, behind a cloud I hide
 My face, that thou mayst come forth tried,
 Tried as fine gold: the furnace-heat
 Will draw thee nearer to my feet,
 And *keep* thee near my mercy-seat!

“ I have redeemed thee,” thou art mine :
 Redeemed from death, from hell’s deep mine ;
 Redeemed from sin ; its curse I bore,
 That thou might’st live for evermore ;
 And will redeem from death’s cold grave,
 For I’m omnipotent to save !
 “ By name I’ve called thee,” and will keep
 The weakest, humblest of my sheep ;
 For “ in the book of life ” it stands,
 And “ none shall pluck thee from my hands ! ”
 Then fear *no* wave, however high —
 No furnace-heat ; for I am nigh,
 To guard thee with my watchful eye !

Dear Lord ! can this *my* portion be ?
 And I so cold, so dead to Thee !

Inflame my heart with Thy dear love !
Keep, guide me to my home above !
 Increase my faith, subdue my pride,
 With Thy will make me satisfied :
 Nor wish to stir a step alone.
 In me may all Thy will be done !
 In trial's heat, oh ! let me rest
 My weary head upon Thy breast !
 Nor let a stormy wave draw near,
 Without Thy gracious presence near.
Soon death's last wave shall bear me home,
 Where I, from Thee, no more shall roam ;
 Where stormy billows never come !

As oft thy spirit droops its wing,
 Through fears without and sin within ;
 As oft as trying changes come,
 And thy lone spirit pants for home ;
 As oft as waves of trouble rise,
 And gushing tears bedim thine eyes,
 Thus oft, believer, hear me say,
 " Fear not : " " Fear not : " have no dismay,
 " I *have* redeemed thee, thou art *Mine*."
 The clouds may darken : soon will shine
 The herald of eternal day ;
 And I will wipe each tear away.
With Me thou 'lt live in endless day !



The Divine Shield.

“The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.”—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

THE Lord is my shield, the Lord is my sun,
And He will complete the work He began:
His grace He will give to conquer each foe;
His strength will uphold as onward I go.

The Lord is my shield, and He will defend,
Though dark clouds and storms my path may attend:
Through intricate ways He will lead me on:
The Lord is my guide, the Lord is my sun!

The Lord is my shield, He will not withhold
What *He* sees and knows will be for my good:
I often may ask what He may deny;
In love He withholds, in love He denies.

Then why should I be so slow to believe,
And why is my heart so loth to receive?
Deeper, full blessings, He's waiting to give,
For all He withholds the more He *will* give!

Oh, may I then grow in sanctified will,
On His bosom to rest, there to lie still,
And sweetly to know His power and love ;
With Him to leave all, and rest in His love !

Grace for each need He will fully supply,
Grace in Him to live and in Him to die,
Grace to subdue all corruption and sin,
Grace for each conflict without and within.

And then, when His work of grace is complete,
The way-worn trav'ler for glory is meet ;
The last conflict o'er, temptation all past,
Each sin forgiven, heaven's shore gained at last ;

Then glory He 'll give — the promised reward
To all who believe and trust in His word :
Glory which fuller and brighter will grow,
As, onward, ages eternal will flow.

Glory unchanging — a glory unseen,
Until death remove the thin veil between ;
Unfolding then, to our wondering sight,
Glory will break transcendent and bright !

Glory so bright, in its light we shall read
The wisdom and love with which He did lead ;
Glory so full, with awed silence midst all,
Bowed down with rapture, before Him we fall,
Our Saviour, our Shield, our Maker, our All !

Israel's Keeper.

“Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.”—

Ps. cxxi. 4.

THE Lord, thy Keeper, will defend ;
 His love is changeless, knows no end !
 Although His people oft forget,
 Not one has He forsaken yet !

Our Jesus left His home with God ;
 For *us* He bore sin's heavy load ;
 For us He lives to intercede,
 And watches o'er His people's need.

And though His Spirit oft they grieve,
 And feeble faith will not receive
 The needful help He would supply,
 Yet still He guides with sleepless eye.

He knows their frame ; can sympathise
 With heartfelt cares and broken sighs ;
 Temptation's hour He, too, has known,
 When Satan's darts were at Him thrown.

He never slumbers, but in love
He watches from His throne above:
He's never weary of the cries
Which from His burdened children rise.

How blessed then, whate'er betide,
Are they who yield to Israel's Guide;
Whose keeper is "the King of kings,"
Whose shelter His almighty wings.

His wisdom, love, and power unite
To make them conquerors in the fight
Of life's sharp battles: soon they'll cease,
And then will theirs be "perfect peace."

A peace too calm to need repose;
Conquered, subdued, will be their foes:
Peace to flow on, and never cease —
Christ's presence will be "perfect peace!"

Future Glory.

"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—Isa. lx. 20.

FOR ever soon will cease thy pilgrim lay,
And sorrow's night give place to endless day;
The mourner's sigh to the triumphant song,
The lonely hearth to the unnumber'd throng

Of those who, in affliction's path, have trod
The road that led them to the Throne of God:
For grief thou shalt exchange eternal joy,
Where songs of praise shall thy full heart employ.
Thy days of mourning then shall all be o'er,
And earth exchanged for the eternal shore.
O'er Jordan's wave, upon the Saviour's breast,
Once landed there, the pilgrim is at rest,
In glory's light — for ever, ever blest !

“ No night ” of parting there ; no tears to shed,
Sorrow and care shall have for ever fled :
“ No night ” of conflict ; foes will all be slain,
Satan dethroned ; no warfare to maintain :
“ No night ” of doubts and fears ; faith's unveil'd sight
Will see “ the Lord, thine everlasting light : ”
“ No night ” of anxious thought, of painful fears,
Christ will have wiped away the mourner's tears :
“ No night ” of watching by the bed of pain,
Suffering then will ne'er be felt again :
“ No night ” of death ; death cannot enter where
The ransom'd saints Christ's life eternal share :
Darkness all fled, “ there shall be no night there.”

“ Mortal shall put on immortality ; ”
“ Sown in weakness, will be raised in glory ; ”
Sown amidst tears, from death's cold grave will come
The ransom'd body, made meet for Heaven's home :
Clad in Christ's robe of righteousness so bright,
“ The Lord shall be thine everlasting light,”

“ Thy God thy glory:” earthly suns shall cease
In that bright kingdom of “ the Prince of Peace.”
Then look above, believe thy God is near,
Nor let thy heart give place to anxious fear.
Changed into day shall be the mourner’s night,
Nor needed there earth’s day’s bright orb of light—
“ Thy God shall be thine everlasting light.”

Unchanging light! no flick’ring ray will dim
The brightness of that light surrounding Him.
He first, with His own word, “ Let there be light,”
Lightened the chaos of this earth’s first night,
“ And there was light,” to lighten earth’s dark scene;
The impress of Jehovah’s love was seen —
His care for man, that each want be supplied.
And then man sinn’d; when, lo! the Crucified
Was promised, that all things He should restore;
All who believed “ be saved to sin no more;”
Earth be renewed with Heaven’s descending light,
Dispelling gloom, and ending sin’s dark night,
To reign “ the Lord thine everlasting light!”



Waymarks.

“Go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock.”—Song of Sol. i. 8.

NOW short, how fleeting, is this life of ours !
 How quickly pass its years, its days, its hours !
 How oft we hear of some one call'd away,
 Whom we have known in our life's early day !
 As lightning flashes, so the thought will come,
 Is earth exchanged for an eternal home ?
 Is Heav'n enrich'd with that one precious soul ?
 Was the sweet rest above its aim, its goal ?
 And oh ! if mem'ry's tablet may record
 The holy life lived in and for our Lord,
 What joy is ours ! *we*, too, with “Christ our Rock,”
 May follow in “the footsteps of the flock.”

“Go thy way forth ;” for thine example take
 His life of love who suffer'd for our sake ;
 And let His patience under trial be
 A lesson full of comfort unto thee.
 Words of rebuke He answer'd not again ;
 His own forsook Him, and He *felt* the pain :
 Calm amidst sorrow He the path has trod—
 The path of suffering that leads us to our God.

Nor He alone : each lov'd one who shall reign
 With Jesus, borne the cross, despis'd the shame,
 Whose feet were firmly set upon " the Rock,"
 Who follow'd in " the footsteps of the flock."

Lord ! may *we* in their footsteps still press near
 Who have departed in Thy faith and fear,
 And follow them as they have follow'd Thee ;
 With them partakers of Thy Kingdom be.
 If in their footsteps here of grief and fears,
 With which they traced their path bedew'd with tears,
 We, too, may tread ; may we remember, Lord,
 How soon they pass'd it, then gain'd their reward —
 " A crown of glory " for their daily cross !
 A Home with Jesus for all earthly loss !
 So may *we*, with our feet upon " the Rock,"
 " Press forward " in " the footsteps of the flock !"

The Believer's Safety.

" Looking unto Jesus."— Heb. xii. 2.

WHEN fierce temptations sore abound,
 When skies are dark, may I be found
 " Looking unto Jesus : "
 It is the Christian's safety here,
 It is the saint's true posture there,
 " Looking unto Jesus."

It is the Christian soldier's shield,
His watchword on life's battle-field,

“Looking unto Jesus:”

It girds his heart to meet the foe,
It whispers, he may onward go,

“Looking unto Jesus.”

His race “with patience” he fulfils,
For heavenly peace his bosom fills,

“Looking unto Jesus:”

For e'en in sorrow's darkest night
He's always basking in the light,

“Looking unto Jesus.”

Bowed down with sin's oppressive weight,
He feels his sinfulness so great,

“Looking unto Jesus;”

There's heard a still, small voice within,
The consciousness of pardon'd sin,

“Looking unto Jesus.”

In every crisis of his life,
His only safety, only life,

“Looking unto Jesus:”

'Tis there his spirit finds repose,
And strength he gains to meet his foes,

“Looking unto Jesus.”

The unveiled future he can leave,
Nor anxious cares his bosom grieve,
 " Looking unto Jesus : "
If sometimes faithless thoughts will burn
His aching heart, yet peace returns,
 " Looking unto Jesus."

His strength in life's oft-changing scene,
His hope in death will still have been,
 " Looking unto Jesus : "
His weary head upon His breast,
He gently falls asleep in rest,
 " Looking unto Jesus."

Trust.

" Be not afraid, only believe."— Mark, v. 36.

SAY, why are ye so heavy laden ?
Why those anxious thoughts to sadden ?
Why those deep sighs your heart to grieve ?
" Be not afraid, only believe."

Let all your care be laid aside,
And look unto the Crucified ;
He'll ne'er forsake, He'll never leave :
" Be not afraid, only believe."

Satan will tempt you to distrust
His watchful love; 'tis then you must
Believe each prayer He will receive :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

The more your faith can stand the test,
Believing all His will is best,
The more of grace you will receive :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

Believe that all His will is right,
No darkness ever dims His sight ;
In His wise care your future leave :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”


Believe He is more willing far
To save, than you to be saved are ;
The work begun He will not leave :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

Believe that, though you 're tempted sore,
That sin's great curse Himself He bore ;
On earth all sin and care you 'll leave :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

Believe that to your Father's home
Your Saviour soon will bid you come ;
You 'll then no more His Spirit grieve :
“ Be not afraid, only believe.”

The Saint's Joy.

"Joy unspeakable, and full of glory."—1 Pet. i. 8.

 OT often can we feel our joy abounds
 Amidst the pressure of our daily rounds :
 Yea, rather mixed on earth with all we do,
 Are chasten'd joy and grief to help us through :
 For if, hereafter with our Lord we reign,
 On earth we here must suffer grief and pain.
 There is our evil heart of unbelief,
 With sin within, causing humbling grief;
 The good we would, we find we cannot do;
 The evil which we would not, that we do :
 How, then, can joy unspeakable be ours ?
 When clouds of sin seem threat'ning with such
 power ?

We must not look within if we would find
 True joy, which never leaves a sting behind,
 A joy which earthly partings ne'er can dim :
 'Tis only when our eye is fixed on Him,
 Away from self, above all earthly care,—
 'Tis only then a "joy unspeakable" we share ;

A holy joy, which cannot be defin'd,
The calmness of a peaceful, quiet mind;
A joy which flows straight from the throne above
Of Him, "whom having not yet seen, we love:"
A "joy unspeakable," too deep for words,
And only when Christ dwells within is heard.

Thus are sweet foretastes given us here below
Of that pure fount of joy, which shall onward flow
For ever, and for ever, nor shall cease;
For sin shall ne'er again disturb our peace.
These blissful moments cannot always last,
Until life's chequer'd conflict all be past;
For in this earthly frame we daily sigh,
Till clothed upon with Immortality.
Trials without, and sin within, *must* mar
Our inward peace and joy in God; till, far
Above their reach, we mounting soar away
To realms of joy, which never will decay.

Then, when our eyes behold Christ "as He is,"
And, in the ocean of that untold bliss
Of His deep love, our faith is lost in sight—
That love, which unto death did guide aright;
That love, which did for us a home prepare,
That we, with Him, might His own glory share;
With "joy unspeakable," unfelt before,
With silent rapture we shall then adore,

And praise Him for the roughness of the way,
That taught us here His precepts to obey :
Then, gazing on the Risen Crucified,
With "joy unspeakable" we shall abide
In His own love, and know no wish beside !

God's Watchfulness.

"He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

THINK, O believer ! your God cares for you ;
Your each thought and desire He can read
through.

When cast down, dismayed, or tempted to fear,
Believe thy Jehovah-Father is near :
He is near thee to guide, whatever betide,
Then fear not earth's stormy, billowy tide.

"He careth for you," Whose eye never sleeps ;
No mountainous path, no valley so deep,
But He can His love and power display :
Strength He will give as you need it each day.
Confide in His care, repose in His love,
Your rest, though not here, remaineth above.

"He careth for you : " is your heart opprest,
Because they you loved have gone to their rest ;

And you sometimes feel so lonely and still,
As if joy again your heart could not fill ?
Earthly cisterns He breaks, only to make
The heart more His own, His throne there to take.

“ He careth for you : ” is this not enough,
Though the clouds may lower and the road be rough ?
With a Father's heart to cheer with His love,
And the sure hope of a bright home above,
You 've nothing to fear, for He will be near ;
“ He careth for you,” to Him you are dear.

“ He careth for you : ” then no care need rest,
With Unbelief's weight, on your weary breast ;
But give Him the honour due to His love,
Bear less of care, keep your heart fix'd above :
Your Father can guide through life's changing tide,
In His loving wisdom always confide.

“ He careth for you : ” whate'er He withholds,
Heaven's joys will make up when glory unfolds :
A crown, bright with honour, to you He will give,
The palm-branch of vict'ry, you will receive :
Yes, then thou shalt see thy God cared for thee,
Earth's joys withheld that with Him thou might'st be !

God's Immutability.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. iii. 6.

CHANGE is stamped on all below ;
 Friends we love so quickly go ;
 Death or distance comes to sever :
 But in Christ we're one for ever,
 For our Saviour changes never !

Grief is here, where changes come ;
 Earth has no unchanging home ;
 But God, who made the earth and sea,
 Is still "the same;" will ever be,
 Unchanging through Eternity !

Holiness.

"Ye shall be holy ; for I am holy."—Lev. xi. 44.

DEAR Lord, to me this holiness impart,
 Which, while it softens, sanctifies the heart.
 Holiness which subdues all boasting pride,
 And makes Thee dearer far than all beside ;
 That plants a growing hatred 'gainst the sin
 That oft would hinder Thine own work within.

That in Thine image I may daily grow,
 Before Thy sacred will submissive bow,
 Let Thy blest Spirit's work in me be wrought,
 Conforming to Thy will each wand'ring thought :
 O may that Spirit's mighty aid be given
 To wean from earth, preparing me for heaven.

And while midst changing scenes on earth I stay,
 In holiness may I increase each day,
 Such as bears "much fruit" to Thy glory here,
 And will bring praise and honour to Thee there :
 This sanctifying grace impart to me ;
 As *Thou* art holy, let *me* holy be !

The Sure Hope.

"The hope which is laid up for you in heaven."—Col. i. 5.

BRIGHT, blissful hope, to cheer and guide
 The traveller o'er life's stormy tide :
 Oh ! be it mine to taste and know
 Its strength to be my staff below.

"Laid up in heaven" for all who come
 To God, to guide them safely home ;
 Who trust in their Redeemer's blood
 To reconcile them to their God.


Theirs is this hope ; so lasting, sure,
It will through life and death endure :
It lightens earthly care and gloom,
And robs of fear the Christian's tomb.

This hope, "the anchor of the soul,"
Can make the bleeding spirit whole,
Can whisper, with sweet healing balm,
Of peace above, th' unbroken calm !

Can pierce the veil, see Jesus stand
Still pleading there at God's right hand :
Dear Lord ! my *steadfast hope* Thou art,
Be Thou the Refuge of my heart !

The Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

ITH Jesus around thee, thy Father o'erhead,
His Spirit within thee, oh ! be not afraid ;
Thus safely canopied by the Three-One,
Go forward sowing, until thy work's done.

At the gate of the vineyard no longer stay,
But patiently toil through the heat of the day ;
Nor linger until thy life-work is done,
The wilderness past, the bright haven won !

It is the Master's command,—Go work *to-day*,
 For "the night cometh" on, earth's moments decay;
 Life's opportunities soon will have fled,
 We shall be sleeping the sleep of Christ's dead!

In words of true kindness, in looks full of love,
 Go, tell the mourner of Christ's bright Home above;
 Go, tell of the Fountain opened for sin;
 Go, comfort the heart made sorry by sin.

'Tis the Master who calls, and He can supply
 Wisdom and guidance; then on His grace rely:
 The vessel of earth, if filled with His love,
 Can lead precious souls to His Throne above!

And bright will the crown be, He soon will bestow
 To all who have led others to Jesus below;
 And precious indeed to hear His own Word,
 "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

The Crown.

"Thy crown."—Rev. iii. 11. "A crown of righteousness."—2 Tim. iv. 8. "Incorruptible."—1 Cor. ix. 25. "The crown of life."—Jam. i. 12. "A crown of glory."—1 Pet. v. 4.

"**T**HY crown"—thine now, reserved in Heav'n,
 And when life's past it will be giv'n
 By Him, who won that crown for thee:
 Bright in His brightness it will be!

"A crown of righteousness" 'twill shine,
In His own righteousness divine ;
A trophy of His precious love,
That purchased thee a Home above.

It "incorruptible" will be,
Unlike the crowns on earth we see ;
They rust away, but *this* will last
When earthly kingdoms all are past.

"The crown of life," it ne'er will fade
Beneath "the tree of life's" sweet shade ;
Fadeless and bright it still will be,
Through ages of eternity.

"A crown of glory"—deathless crown !
Christian ! lay not your weapons down,
Until your warfare all is past,
And you have gained your "*crown*" at last !



Israel.

“What nation is there so great, who hath God so nigh unto them, as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon Him for?”—
Deut. iv. 7.

TYPE of God's saints in every age,
Of whom we read in sacred page,—
From Egypt's bondage once they fled;
In Satan's bondage all are dead,
Until the Spirit's power is given
To raise from death, make meet for Heav'n.

So oft cast down, despised, distrest,
They found this earth no place of rest,
But wander'd o'er its barren soil,
The sons of grief, the sons of toil;
And yet Jehovah's hand did guide
Them safely on to Canaan's side.

The manna came from day to day;
The rock was struck, the waters play;
Their thirst t'assuage the stream did flow,
The earthly stream of life below:
And though on love their God was bent,
They murmured still in discontent.

And, ever since, God's saints have found
No *resting* place on earthly ground ;
Misunderstood, and ofttimes tried,
Their Saviour keeps them by His side,
And feeds them with " the living bread,"
As He, of old, His Israel fed.

The stream of life doth richly flow,
To strengthen as they onward go ;
It cleanses from their daily sin,
Imparts a healing balm within :
His word doth teach, His Spirit guide,
And they in Jesus Christ abide.

No other nation was there found
To whom God's love did so abound,
And none to whom He lived so nigh,
Or guarded with more watchful eye,
Or guided with such skilful hand,
To bring them to the promised land.

Oh ! precious type of all who bring
Their hearts, as off'rings to their King ;
His love protects, His precepts guide,
He shields them through each angry tide :
Sorrow and joy alike are given,
To make them meet for rest in Heaven.

And as, of old, Israel drew nigh
The overflowing river's side,

“ The floods stood upright as a heap,”
 Dry ground appear'd in Jordan's deep,
 “ Twelve stones ” were raised, to be “ a sign ”
 Their God had love and power divine ;

So now His people still may prove,
 In death's cold flood, their Saviour's love :
 He goes before—the waters part—
 He robs of death its sting and smart :
 For He has died, and He has rose,
 The Victor o'er His people's foes !

Christ Unchangeable.

“ This same Jesus. ”— Acts, i. 11.

YES ! Jesus is “ the same ” above,
 “ The same ” in rich redeeming love,
 As when on earth He trod :
 “ The same ” to sympathise with those
 Who come to Him to find repose —
 He's our unchanging God !

“ The same ” to cheer, “ the same ” to bless,
 Through life's rough, thorny wilderness —
 He lives, life to impart :
 For “ this same Jesus ” ever reigns,
 The Soother of His people's pains,
 The Life of every heart.

“The same” to understand our fears
 As when He trod this vale of tears,
 For He our nature bore;
 That, suff’ring, He might fully know
 The weakness of our state below,
 Through deep affliction sore.

And “this same Jesus” soon will come
 To take His pilgrim-people home;
 Then ev’ry eye shall see
 Him coming back in clouds again,
 As “King of kings,” on earth to reign—
 Earth’s kingdom His shall be.

Believer! midst the songs above,
 And angel harps, in tender love
 He’s watching o’er you now:
 For “this same Jesus” counts *your* tears,
 Your joys, your sorrows, griefs and fears—
 Before His footstool bow!

The Victory.

“This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”—
 1 John, v. 4.

LIFE is a conflict, unceasing, severe,
 To the heav’n-bound pilgrim journeying here:
 The conflict of life is conflict with sin—
 A conflict with foes without and within.

Is there no victory we may then gain ?
No rest to this conflict of toil and of pain ?
No strength with which we may daily o'ercome
The world, as over its billows we roam ?

No shield to resist Satan's fiery darts ?
No hope to sustain while life it imparts ?
No Spirit to guide ? no Father to bless ?
No Saviour to love through life's wilderness ?

O yes ! there is the invisible Shield,
That overcomes all on life's battle-field ;
Faith is the vict'ry that gives us the pow'r
Near Jesus to stand in temptation's hour.

This, this is " the shield," which brighter will shine
The riper we grow in knowledge divine :
The nearer to Christ our life is lived here,
Brighter with glory our crown will be there !

The sharper the conflict, the sweeter the rest,
When victors we lean on our Saviour's breast ;
The rougher the road, more welcome the end,
When vict'ry we gain, and joy without end !



The Grave.

“Not dead, but sleepeth.”—Luke, viii. 52.

MOURNER ! gazing sadly,
 Pensively and fondly,
 Lift up those tear-fill'd eyes
 Straight off to yonder skies ;
 And there by faith your Saviour view,
 Now bending o'er that tomb with you !

He's counting all your tears,
 And numb'ring all your fears ;
 He hears each heartfelt groan ;
 He leaves you not alone !
 Hark ! He is whisp'ring — “Peace, be still !”
 The wound is Mine — I, too, will heal.

The trumpet soon will sound,
 And then, from 'neath the ground
 That treasur'd form will rise
 To yonder brighter skies ;
 No more to die — no more to fade,
 'Twill “incorruptible” be made !

Then, calm thy throbbing heart,
 Bid its deep grief depart,
 Its agony to cease,
 Lull'd into Christ's sweet peace :
 For "they who sleep in Christ" will rise
 To glorious mansions in the skies !

"Not your Own."

"Ye are not your own."--1 Cor. vi. 19.

ALMIGHTY God ! Creation's Lord !
 Thou rulest all with Thine own Word ;
 From all eternity the same,
 From whom all life and being came :
 Thou formedst man with power divine—
 Thus, by *Creation*, we are Thine !

And Thou didst love the world, and gave
 Thine only Son to die, and save
 A ruined, helpless, sinful race,
 Through the abundance of Thy grace,
 That all may share that love divine,
 And by *Redemption*, Lord, be Thine !

If that unfathom'd love has taught
 The way of life, and thus has brought
 Our souls to know our cov'nant God ;
 The preciousness of Jesu's blood ;
 Father ! we praise Thy Name divine—
 Now, by *Adoption*, we are Thine !

The Riches of Christ.

“ The unsearchable riches of Christ.”— Eph. iii. 8.

THY *love* “ unsearchable ” make me to know,
 Dear Saviour, to pardon, as onward I go,
 My daily transgressions, short-comings, and sin,
 From temptations without and corruption within :
 Thus growing enriched with Thy pardoning love,
 Protect me and guide me to Thy rest above.

With *wisdom* “ unsearchable ” so guide me still,
 As to bring me at length to Thy holy hill,
 When each valley of sin will for ever be cross'd,
 And the soul on sin's billows will no more be toss'd.
 Thy wisdom and love can alone safely bring
 Through Satan's assaults, and each temptation's sting !

With *grace* “ unsearchable,” dear Lord, ever guide
 Through life's ceaseless conflict, and death's fiercer
 tide;

Through all that opposes Thine own Kingdom on
earth,
Through all that would hinder the new heavenly
birth:
May Thy mighty grace so in me ever thrive,
That "much fruit" I may bear, and unto Thee live!

With *glory* "unsearchable" God will unfold
"The riches of Christ," unrevealed and untold,
Till the Spirit shall lead by "the river of life,"
And impart to the soul that new heavenly life,
To capacitate it with heaven-born light
To know "the unsearchable riches of Christ!"

The Second Advent.

"Behold, I come quickly."—Rev. xxii. 7.

SAY, ye who mourn and ye who sigh,
Heaven's pilgrims by one holy tie,
Does not the thought that Christ will come,
To take His pilgrim-people home,
Relieve your sad heart of its care?
And give you of that joy some share,
Which only will completed be
When you with Christ in Heaven will be?

Say, Zion's pilgrims, as you wait
At early morn at Heaven's gate,
For grace to guide you through the day,
To conquer sin, and self to slay,—
Does not the thought that morning sun
May this day its last journey run ;
That, ere the shades of night shall fall,
Angels may hear the Saviour's call,—
“ Gather together My elect,
“ From North and South, and East and West,”
And Christ, “ with power and glory great,”
Return with all His heavenly state ?

Oh, say ! does not this hope sustain,
Midst earthly loss, and earthly pain ?
Then listen to your Saviour's voice,—
“ Behold, I quickly come,” rejoice !
“ Lift up your head,” and hush each sigh,
“ For your redemption draweth nigh !”
Your Saviour comes ! ye Saints, rejoice !
And praise Him now with joyful voice !



The Night far Spent.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand.”—Rom. xiii. 12.

SWIFT on the wing time is passing away,
 No fragments to lose of life's fleeting day;
 Time comes with its message — “Use me aright,
 “I have to bear record at God's Throne of Light:
 “Yes, there give account of *each moment* lent.
 “Use me, believing ‘the night is far spent!’”

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand,”
 Life's hour-glass stops not — quick runs its sand;
 Let each fleeting moment, hasting away,
 Bear “good seed” for fruit in the Great Harvest Day!
 Time is a talent God has to thee lent,
 Use it, believing “the night is far spent.”

The fragments of time are more precious far
 Than earth's richest mines with their treasures are;
 Then gather them up, let not one be lost —
 They can't be recall'd when Eternity's cross'd!
 But *one* at a time the minutes are given,
 Then, to be registered, go back to Heaven!

“The day is at hand;” *now* live for your Lord,
 From Him you'll receive an eternal reward:
 Confess Him in life, in death He'll receive
 Your dismantled spirit, as earth's frame it leaves,
 And bear it above to Canaan's bright land:
 “The night is far spent, the day is at hand!”

Death.

“The last enemy.”—1 Cor. xv. 26.

AND has it come ! death's fearful strife !
 The parting hour from this *short* life ?
 And waits the pilgrim at the gate
 Of Heaven's glorious pomp and state ?
 And feels *one* foe must conquer'd be ?
 One only—his “last enemy !”

Life's conflict now will soon give place
 To “perfect peace :” his earthly race
 Will soon be o'er—the last warm tear
 Be wiped away—conflicting fear
 Disturb no more ;—in perfect rest
 He'll “fall asleep” on Jesu's breast !

Satan's temptations all are past :
 One foe remains—but 'tis “the last :”
 And this foe, Death, will conquer'd be,
 Through Him Who gain'd “the Victory :”
 Angels may join him now to sing,
 “O Death, O Death, where is thy sting ?”



Glory.

"Eternal weight of glory."—1 Cor. iv. 17.

LORD ! what is man, that such a prize
Should wait his entrance to the skies ?
That, from his pilgrimage below,
He to eternal joy should go ?
Exchange for earth the rest of Heaven ?
For sorrow's night a cloudless even ?

Thy love has given Thy Son to die,
To bring to man salvation nigh,
To work a righteousness divine,
That in Christ's image he may shine ;
A trophy of the Father's will,
The Saviour's love, the Spirit's seal.

And thus redeemed from earth to heaven,
Th' "eternal weight of glory" given,
Fulness of joy that he may share,
His Saviour's image always wear,
Accepted in his Lord he'll stand,
The ransomed saint at God's right hand !

The sense of pardon freely given,
 The heart no more with anguish riven,
 The consciousness of partings o'er,
 That those we love we leave no more,
 That now, for ever, we shall be
 With Christ our Lord, His glory see !

Oh, say, will not this joy repay
 For all the trials of the way ?
 "Our light affliction" ended there,
 Christ's own glory we shall share ;
 Beneath that "weight of glory" fall,
 Before our God, our Christ, our All .

"Able to Save."

"He is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by Him."—Heb. vii. 25.

YES! "able to save" our Jesus still stands,
 Pleading for us at our Father's right hand ;
 And 'midst angels' songs in those realms of light,
 Salvation of souls is His chief delight :
 And there from His Throne His message He gives,
 His message of life, that sinners may live:—
 "All ye who thirst, all ye who sigh,
 "Look, look unto Me ;—say, 'Why will ye die ?'

" I'm able to save"—" life eternal " to give,
To all, who through Me, in their Father believe:
The curse for your sins I bore, that ye may
" My glory behold," through " eternal day."

Not only from sin, from death and the grave,
Does Jesus display His power to save :
When trials are near, when partings must come,
The spirit is panting for heaven its home,
When earthly cares rush, like some mighty wave,
Say—is not your Saviour then near to save ?
Who gives to thee strength ? *Who* guides thee
aright ?
Who bids the bright morning dispel the dark night ?
Who comforts the heart when wave follows wave ?
'Tis *Christ* Who is near, and " *able* to save."

" He's able to save," through life's chequered scene,—
To cheer with His presence where dark clouds have
been ;
To show us the way wherein we should go,
To lead by the river where pure waters flow,—
In " the green pastures " He leads us, to feed
On His life-giving Word, with help for each need.
No hour can come, no danger draw near,
No tempest can threaten, but Jesus is near !
In life and in death, and e'en from the grave,
Jesus will show " He is *able* to save !"

The Promised Gift.

"I will put my Spirit within you."—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.

ALMIGHTY Father ! God of love !
 In Whom we live, and breathe, and move,
 Who seest our frailty, mark'st our ways,
 And count'st the number of our days ;
 Where'er we rove, where'er we be,
 Thy mercies countless are, and free.

Thy providential care provides,
 That all our needs may be supplied ;
 And Thou, Who hear'st the ravens cry,
 Dost guard us with Thy sleepless eye.
 But temporal gifts reign not alone —
 Grace, full and free, flows from Thy Throne.

A precious promise has been given,
 A surer hope laid up in Heaven :
 The *promise*, " I'll My Spirit give ;"
 The *hope*, that thou with Me mayst live :
 " Ask, ye shall have ; seek, ye shall find,"
 Treasures beyond the finite mind.

The Spirit comes from Heaven to earth ;
He breathes the new, the heavenly birth ;
He makes us feel sin's heavy load,
Then points to the Redeemer's blood :
He pleads with us — He waits — He strives —
Shall we *refuse* to look and live ?

He points to Heaven ; He lives to guide,
Through this short life, death's swifter tide ;
He whispers of the Saviour's love ;
He fits us for " the rest " above :
Foretastes of joys He gives us here,
Full fruition awaits us there !

Then, is not this God's richest prize ?
Upward to Heaven our hearts should rise,
And reach His Throne in earnest prayer
That we His choicest gift may share ;
And plead through Christ the promise given —
" My Spirit shall to you be given."

Holy Spirit ! abide within
My wand'ring heart, subduing sin !
The precious blood of Christ apply,
Help me in Him to live and die,
And fit me for that heavenly shore
Where I shall never grieve Thee more !



The Request.

“ Lord, teach us to pray.”—Luke, xi. 1.

“ **L**ORD, teach us to pray!” Thy Spirit alone
Can help us aright to draw near Thy Throne;
To pour out our wants, our sins and our cares,
To Thee, Who the simplest heartfelt prayer hears.

“ Lord, teach us to pray!” that so we may know
More of Thy love as we journey below;
And teach us to ask what Thou wilt supply —
Grace for Thee to live, and in Thee to die.

Lord, strengthen our faith, that we may believe,
That if from Thy hand we do not receive
The blessings we crave, the treasures we prize,
In love God withholds, in love He denies.

All good things we ask He surely will give,
To all who by faith in Christ Jesus live:
In Him there is fulness for every need,
He is our Redeemer, our Friend indeed.

“ Lord, teach us to pray!” that when life is past,
At Thy feet in Heaven our crowns we may cast;
When prayer shall no more our voices upraise,
For prayer will give place to eternal praise!

Israel's Shepherd.

"The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want"—Ps. xxiii. 1.

"**T**HE Lord is my Shepherd," no want shall I
know,

Needful for me while I journey below :
His presence is with me, and He will defend,
The tried "Corner Stone," our heavenly Friend !

"The Lord is my Shepherd," He guides with His eye,
Protects with His arm when danger is nigh ;
When Satan would tempt or draw me astray,
My strength He renews to hold on my way.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," and He will be nigh
When dread conflicts with sin fiercely roll by ;
When sorely beset on life's battle-field,
He'll keep me and guard with His mighty shield.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," my Judge He will be,
When at God's bar I stand and His glory see :
Sweet thought of comfort ! my *Judge* is my *Friend*,
Who loved in years past — will love to the end.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," in His raiment white
He'll clothe me to dwell in Heaven's bright light;
This body of sin transform, that I may
Reflect His own image, His power display.

"The Lord is my Shepherd," and, folded at last,
His flock will be gathered, all wandering past;
Each one there numbered, whose name is engraved
In God's "Book of Life"—the ransomed, the saved!

The House of Prayer.

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the
Lord.'—Ps. cxxii. 1.

DEAR Lord, within Thy house we meet,
To gather round Thy mercy-seat;
O send Thy Spirit from on high
Our wandering hearts to sanctify;
To seal anew the heirs of life,
To strengthen for their onward strife;

To break the heart where sin now reigns,
And captive held by Satan's chains;

To heal the wounded contrite heart,
Bowing beneath sin's heavy smart;
To whisper peace of sin forgiven,
T' inspire hope of joys in Heaven;

To lighten every darkened mind,
Unveiling truth of purest kind;
To break the chain of error's night,
To change to-day the gloom of night;
God's mighty Sword of Truth reveal,
In His own light—the Spirit's seal.

Almighty Spirit! thus descend,
Our Teacher, Comforter, and Friend,
And in these sacred courts below
Refresh us with those streams that flow
From Thee, to guide our pilgrim feet,
And make us for Thy glory meet;

That when we from this earth remove,
Transplanted to Thy courts above,
There in Thy temple we may raise
The voice of prayer to songs of praise;
When hope is lost in its bright goal,
And joy supreme shall fill the soul!



The Unfailing Guide.

"This God is our God for ever and ever : He will be our guide even unto death."—Ps. xlviii. 14.

JEHOVAH-GOD ! Who reigns above,
The God of judgment ! God of love !
The God whom highest angels praise ;
In songs of rapture voices raise.

This God is ours, and He will guide
His feeble flock o'er life's swift tide :
Not one can perish, none be lost,
Who once the way of life have cross'd.

This God is ours : whate'er betide,
Through *all* He'll be to death our guide ;
His providence will go before,
Until we reach the heavenly shore.

His presence our reward will be,
From dangers He alone can see ;
His counsel will our feet direct,
His mighty love our souls protect.

When sometimes sad, because we think
We're bordering on some trial's brink,
When clouds seem gath'ring fast around,
Perplexing doubts and fears abound ;

Oh, then, in peaceful trust may we
Resign ourselves to God; for He
From the beginning sees the end,
And He will all our steps attend.

For He's our God when dangers press,
To lead us through earth's wilderness ;
Appoints our home, where *He* sees best,
To fit us for eternal rest.

" *Our God*" for ever He will be,
Unchanging through eternity !
While countless ages roll along,
His ceaseless love will be our song.

On the Celebration of an Evening Communion.

"In the evening Jesus cometh with the twelve."—Mark, xiv. 17.

SAVIOUR! in this calm, solemn eventide,
Thy blessing give ; and in Thy presence hide
Our weary souls, that we may now find rest
In leaning calmly on Thy loving breast.

The world shut out, O let us now draw near,
 And worship Thee with love and holy fear ;
 And as we to Thy table, Lord, draw nigh,
 Help us to gaze on Thee with faith's clear eye.

Keep far from us all that would hinder prayer,
 Distract our thoughts, or prove to us a snare ;
 And, in the stillness of a quiet mind,
 Joy, peace, reveal, of deepest, holiest kind.

When we remember Thee on Calvary's cross,
 O may all else beside appear as dross ;
 And in the precious fountain of Thy blood
 Cast *all* our sins — *seal now* our peace with God.

And may Thy Spirit bless this feast of love,
 That so it may to us a Bethel prove ;
 And raise our hearts in gratitude and praise,
 Echoing on earth cherubim's sweetest lays.

Saviour ! through grace *irrevocably* Thine,
 Refreshed and strengthened with this feast divine ;
 Go with us home—from hour to hour abide
 Within our hearts, and *keep* us near Thy side.

And lead us on through sunshine, mist, and shower,
 Till, fashioned like Thee, by Thy glorious power
 We shall arise, and of their bliss partake
 Who in th' eternal Sabbath *one* communion make.

Death of an Infant.

“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”—2 Sam. xii. 23.

YES ! he is gone, but sweetly sleeps
 Where none need anxious vigils keep ;
 His little bark has reached the shore
 Where sickness cannot waste him more :
 Safe folded on his Saviour's breast,
 He's passed into eternal rest.

His short-lived conflict soon was o'er,
 And then he *slept*, to wake no more
 Until the grave gives up its prey,
 In the great Resurrection Day :
 Then shall he glorious rise and shine
 In Christ's own righteousness divine.

And could we wish him back again,
 To wear the cross, endure the pain ?
 To see him suff'ring here once more,
 Away from the eternal shore ?
 Nay, rather, we our child resign —
 Father ! “ *Thy* will be done,” not mine.

Another sacred tie is given
To draw our hearts from earth to Heaven ;
Another loved one gained the shore,
Where partings shall be known no more ;
Another link to earth unchained ;
Another " star in glory " gained.

And shall we never meet again,
Away from conflict, sin, and pain ?
Yes ! we " may go to him," and be
Happy throughout eternity.
Lord, may we meet, Thy joy to share,
A *family unbroken* there !

The Golden Talent.

"The time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

" **T**HE time is short;" we're on the brink
Of eternity's deep sea !
Let each one stop himself and think—
Where will my awaking be ?
When I death's river shall have cross'd,
Shall I stand with the saved or lost ?

“ The time is short;” then why should care
Lodge deeply in the Christian’s breast?
Why not bid depart his fear,
And in his Saviour’s peace take rest?
O why not trust His love and power,
To help in every future hour?

“ The time is short,” and every day
But makes the number less to run;
To seek their Lord let *none* delay,
To-day may be *their* setting sun.
Let each one ask himself— If I
Am called away, how shall I die?

“ The time is short;” believer, think,
Your conflict now will soon be o’er;
All sorrow past, each sin-bound link
Be severed on th’ eternal shore.
Yes ! here you’ll leave all sin and care,
Fulness of joy will be yours there.

“ The time is short;” then live above
The pressure of your daily round;
Abound in faith, in hope, and love,
And carry forth the gospel’s sound;
And ask that precious souls be given,
To be “ your joy, your crown,” in Heaven.



The Believer's Rest.

"Rest in the Lord."—Ps. xxxvii. 7.

REST on Jehovah's arm,
 Rest on His Word :
 He shields from ev'ry harm —
 "Rest in the Lord."
 Rest in His sov'reign will,
 Rest, and be silent still —
 "Rest in the Lord."

Rest in your Saviour's love,
 Rest in His care :
 Know that He pleads above,
 For all His there.
 Rest in His sov'reign might,
 E'en in your darkest night —
 "Rest in the Lord."

Rest in the Spirit's power ;
 Conflicts will cease
 In death's triumphant hour,
 When all is peace.
 Faith will be victor there,
 Till you its triumphs share —
 "Rest in the Lord."

The Watchword.

“ Watch and pray.”— Matt. xxvi. 41.

AMID the daily cares of life,
And in thy spirit's deepest strife,
Soldier of Christ ! hold on thy way,
Thy Saviour bids thee “ Watch and pray.”

“ Watch, watch !” for on life's battle-field
Thou needest an Almighty shield;
Thy foes are vigilant and deep,
They neither faint, nor tire, nor sleep.

They watch to catch thee for their prey,
They try t' ensnare thee on thy way,
They fain would see thee halt and yield,
Forgetful of the pilgrim's shield.

Then keep thee near thy Saviour's side,
He can assuage temptation's tide;
Each wave can calm, thy foes can slay :
Yet still He bids thee “ Watch and pray.”

Yes ! “ watch and pray,” for soon will come
The hour that calls thee to thy home ;
And that day's setting sun shall see
Thy conflict o'er, thy spirit free.

Constant Trust.

“Trust in Him at *all* times.”—Ps. lxi. 8.

PUT thou thy trust in God,
 For He will safely keep
 The meanest of His fold,
 The weakest of His sheep :
 His love provides, His precepts guide,
 Throughout life's ever-changing tide.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 Nor fear to tread alone
 The path thy Saviour trod,
 When He this earth did roam —
 The path of pain—if thou would'st gain
 Eternal life, and with Him reign.

Put thou thy trust in God ;
 All conflict will be o'er
 When thou, in His abode,
 Shalt dwell for evermore :
 Joy will outweigh, through endless day,
 The trials and suff'rings of the way.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 When sorrow's cloud doth cast
 A shadow o'er thy road,
 In memory of the past :
 Its chilling shade will quickly fade
 Beneath the Tree of Life's sweet shade.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 And thou shalt clearly see,
 Where'er thy feet have trod,
 His wisdom guided thee :
 Yes ! Heaven's own light, in glory bright,
 Will soon unveil earth's darkest night.

Put thou thy trust in God ;
 Faith's life will soon be o'er,
 And passed the earthly road,
 And gained the heavenly shore,
 No longer we shall honoured be
 To trust a God we cannot see.

Put thou thy trust in God
 When Jordan's tide swells high ;
 E'en then believe thy God,
 Thy Saviour, still is nigh :
 From death's cold wave, and earth-bound grave,
 In resurrection life He'll save.

Put thou thy trust in God,
 And soon thine eyes shall see,
 The light of His abode,
 The glory waiting thee:
 There songs of joy, without alloy,
 For ever shall thy praise employ.

Idolatry.

“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.”—1 John, v. 21.

SUPREMEY God's my heart must be,
 And if He there a treasure see,
 Too dearly loved, too fondly prized,
 In lawful mien so oft disguised,
 Too closely twined around my heart,
 As if from it I could not part,
 He gently draws the sword to slay,
 For cherished idols must not stay.
 The earthly home is but a tent,
 Death's severing tie's in mercy sent:
 The infant lamb was *lent*, not *given*,
 A treasured bud to bloom in Heaven;
 A blossom fallen from the tree,
 Transplanted thus by God's decree.

The closest link on earth unchained,
The widow's God its bond hath claimed;
The heart was orphaned, but to be
A temple shrine for Deity.
The dearest friend from us removed,
Lest more than God that friend be loved;
The casket rifled, that it may
Shine glorious in the Judgment Day.
Our earthly plans frustrated here,
To keep the heart from idols clear;
Earth's sunshine given place to gloom,
To robe for Heaven's eternal noon;
Our fondest hopes yield to decay,
For, as a leaf, we fade away;
The daily cross our portion here,
Th' unfading "crown of glory" there.
Yes! thus our God, with searching eye,
To each believer's heart draws nigh;
And with each stroke, in mercy given,
He weans from earth, He prunes for Heaven.
Soon all our idols will be slain,
And Heaven's treasures we shall gain;
Then, with a heart made *wholly* His,
Shall worship God in sinless bliss.



Consecration.

“ Whose I am, and whom I serve.”— Acts, xxvii. 23.

I WANT to be like Jesus,
 To serve him as I ought ;
 I want to be like Jesus,
 In heart, and will, and thought :
 He can alone defend me
 Throughout life's toiling day ;
 His arm alone protect me,
 Wherever I may stray.

I want to be like Jesus,
 To conquer every sin ;
 I want to be like Jesus,
 Holy and pure within :
 May He *abide* within me,
 His Spirit sanctify,
 That I may be His wholly,
 Whether I live or die.


I want to follow Jesus,
 Wherever He may lead ;
 Be “looking unto Jesus,”
 For all that I shall need :

Through life, oh ! may He keep me
Close sheltered by his side ;
And may His arms receive me
From death's cold, conquered tide.

Then I shall be with Jesus,
In His bright home above ;
For ever live with Jesus,
Where all is peace and love :
And there shall be " made like Him ;"
His glory I shall share,
With sainted friends and seraphim,
And all His ransomed there.

God in Providence.

" They are new every morning : great is thy faithfulness."—
Lam. iii. 23.

EW are God's mercies morning by morning,
His voice whispers peace in sunshine and shade,
His footprints are seen o'er rock and o'er mountain,
Their impress of love in forest and glade.
The sweet-flowing breezes that fill the glad bowers,
As the bright orb of day shines forth on its way,
Re-echo God's love, proclaim His great Name ;
All the works of creation His power display.

New is His providence morning by morning ;
Our daily paths tell of His unceasing love ;
Weighed down the balance each evening returning,
Compared with *our* thanks, *our* slow, feeble love.
From dangers unseen He safely protects us ;
His loving providence sanctifies joy ;
He calms all our sorrows, whispering of Heaven —
There cloudless the sunshine, *there* sinless our joy.

Strong faith.

“ Established in the faith.”—Acts, xvi. 5.

LORD ! bid my faith unfold her wings,
And stronger, stronger grow ;
And, reaching up to heavenly things,
With richer freshness glow.

Oh ! let me with implicit love
Trust in Thy fostering care ;
Established in Thy precious love,
Thy promised peace may share.

“ Established in the faith ” that saves,
The “ faith that works by love ; ”
That hungers, thirsts for God, and craves
To learn and know His love.

“ The faith ” that out of trial’s heat
Will brighter, brighter come ;
Till, lost in sight, at Jesu’s feet,
Faith’s shield I may lay down.

Watchfulness.

“ Be sober, be vigilant ; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.”— 1 Pet. v 8.

JUST as a lion, in the heat of day,
Walketh about, wild, seeking for his prey ;
So Satan, your great adversary, waits,
Watching for thee to halt at Zion’s gates :
With zeal untiring, lo ! he seeketh there,
To keep thee from the earnest, anxious prayer.

He knows the power that early prayer will gain,
To keep thy heart for God, from sin’s deep stain ;
He knows, if there thou gird’st thine armour on,
Thy Saviour’s love will bid thee go forth strong ;
Sheltered beneath the shadow of His wing,
Securer be against his darts and sting.

Temptations sore, that come from God, believe,
Beneath their weight your soul He’ll *never* leave ;

The wound He makes His mighty power can heal.
'Tis *thine* to trust His love, resign *thy* will :
But ever watch with jealous care, lest thou,
Forsaking Christ, beneath sin's weight should bow.

Therefore "be sober, vigilant," and keep
Your armour bright ; suffer not your soul to sleep :
Up to heavenly things, by faith, oft soar,
Where sin and Satan will assail no more :
Think more of Heaven, and less of earth, you 'll find,
Can entrance gain to *dwell* within your mind.

Then rise, and on thy watch-tower take thy stand ;
In wrestling faith and prayer wait God's command.
"Go forth in this thy might," *I* will be nigh,
Whene'er to tempt thee Satan passes by ;
His power is great, thine adversaries strong,
Thy conflict may be sore, and may seem long :

But I am God ! and stronger far than those
Who would thy faith and heavenward course oppose ;
Temptation's hour will only strengthen thee,
Brighten thine armour, if thou wilt cling to Me.
'Tis a life-conflict, but the prize is sure,
And happy they who to the end endure !
"Resist the Devil, and he'll flee from you ;"
"Draw nigh to God, and He'll draw nigh to you."

The Spiritual Rock.

“They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.”—1 Cor. x. 4.

JESUS, my Refuge ! mighty Rock art Thou !
 My God, Deliverer, before Whom I bow ;
 Hide me beneath the shelter of Thy shade,
 On Thee let all my hopes, desires, be stayed.

Jesus, my Rock ! whence living waters flow,
 (As Horeb's streams did through the desert go) ;
 So let me, in the heat and toil of day,
 With their life-giving powers my thirst allay.

Jesus, my Rock ! on Thee, O may I build !
 Do Thou my hope of life with glory gild ;
 “ Abide in me,” “ the hope of glory,” now,
 Till in Thine unveiled glory I shall bow.

Beneath Thy shadow let me ever rest,
 And find my strength in leaning on Thy breast ;
 And in Thy sympathy teach me to know
 A balm to comfort, heal, in deepest woe.

Jesus, my Rock, my Fortress, and my Tower !
O hide me in Thyself from hour to hour !
“ That Rock ” that follows me with massive wing,
O strengthen me fast by “ that Rock ” to cling.

Jesus, my Rock ! on Thee may I be found,
When death's cold, chilling waves shall dash around;
And bear me up, till, on the heavenly shore,
“ My Rock, my Refuge,” I shall leave no more !

The Sainted Dead.

“ Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”— Rev. xiv. 13.

IRIED mourner ! think, while here *you* weep,
Supremely blest are they who sleep
Their “ sleep in Jesus,” peaceful rest,
Whose waking was on Jesu's breast.
For in that Paradise regained,
Where He lives on who ever reigned,
He welcomes first, from death's cold wave,
The ransom'd saint He died to save.

From labours here of anxious toil,
From deep-laid snares for Satan's spoil,
From trial's heat, from sin's fierce power,
From hunger, thirst, death's parting hour,

From service, mingled here with sin,
They rest—in perfect rest—with Him.
“A voice from Heaven” proclaims them blest,
Since now with Jesus Christ “they rest.”

The Conqueror.

“He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.”—Phil. iii. 21.

EARTHLY loss and earthly pain,
Earthly sorrow, earthly gain,
All things here Christ will subdue :
Christian ! what’s this world to you ?

’Tis the road to lead me home,
When my Father’s will I’ve done :
Working, suff’ring, are mine here,
Rest and joy will be mine there.

Parting tears and death’s cold wave,
When He takes the life He gave ;
Death’s last conflict He ’ll subdue :
Christian ! what is death to you ?

Calm and peaceful, holy sleep,
Never more to wake and weep;
Closing here the weary eye,
Passing to eternity:
Earth and Death Christ will subdue,
And He'll make me conqu'ror too.

God's Unerring Wisdom.

"He hath done all things well."—Mark, vii. 37.

"**H**E hath done all things well!"
Peace, peace, my soul, be still!
If dark thy path and long the night,
Resign to God thy will.

"He hath done all things well!"
The cloud but veils *thy* sight;
No darkness ever reaches Him,
Who dwells in perfect light.

"He hath done all things well!"
And Jesus intercedes
For all His flock, fast gath'ring home,
For whom He lives to plead.

“ He hath done all things well ! ”
And though I may not see
The why and wherefore of His will,
All will be well for me.

Then, “ Holy Father,” take
All that I have, or am,
A willing sacrifice to Thee,
Bought by the Paschal Lamb.

Mould, teach me as Thine own,
And in me Thou shalt see
My Saviour’s image meekly borne,
His Spirit guiding me.

And so, from earth to Heaven,
Though trials often fell,
Crushed me to earth, my song shall be,
“ He hath done all things well ! ”



The Stronghold.

“Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.”—Zech. ix. 12.

“**Y**E prisoners of hope,” arise !
 Now to “the stronghold” turn ;
 Awhile from earth lift up your eyes —
 To Christ, your Saviour, turn.

Go, bend before His mercy-seat,
 That sin may be forgiven ;
 Entreat for grace to make you meet
 For His bright home in Heaven.

Pray for the peace of pardoned sin,
 And for a hope so bright,
 That it may quell sin’s power within,
 With Heaven’s descending light.

Turn not from your stronghold away,
 Till love shall in you burn,
 And with new light from hope’s bright ray
 The lamp of faith shall burn.

“Ye prisoners of hope,” believe
 That “your redemption’s” nigh ;
 That from His hand you’ll soon receive
 The crown of victory.

And your imprisoned soul will soar
To regions yet untrod,
Where sin and sorrow vex no more
The Paradise of God.

Then, from "the body of this death,"
Delivered you will be
By Him, the Lord of life and death,
Who gained the victory.

Yes ! look, "ye prisoners," beyond
Your prison-house of clay ;
Its shackles you 'll lay down, to rise
Transformed, to live for aye.

The Divine Life.

"Because I live, ye shall live also."—John, xiv. 19.

"**I** LIVE !" Believer, take your stand,
By faith, with Me at God's right hand,
And see Me pleading there for you,
That life, *My* life, may grow in you;
That nearer you may live to Me,
And purer, holier, happier be.

"I live !" No other life can save,
No other life beyond the grave :

One life alone—the life I give
To all, who come to Me and live.
“ I am the living Vine; ” have ye
Found life, and root, and strength in Me ?

“ I live,” to intercede, to bless
My people through the wilderness ;
To nourish them when life ebbs low,
Lest, fainting, wearily they go.
“ I am the Bread of Life,” and ye
Have life, just as ye cling to Me.

“ Because I live, ye shall live ” too ;
“ Abide in Me and I in you ; ”
And fear no ills, whatever come
They only waft you nearer home :
Your safety is, whate’er betide,
Clinging to Me, the Crucified.

Dear Lord ! this life impart to me,
The hidden life derived from Thee :
Lost in self-sacrifice, but soon
To shine in Heaven’s unclouded noon ;
Recalled by Thee, Who first did give
This deathless gift, that I might live.



Divine Guidance.

“I will lead them.”—Isa. xlii. 16.

LEAD us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
 Saving grace to us be given:
 Grace, to pardon all our sin,
 Grace, to make us pure within.

Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
 Hourly grace to us be given:
 Grace, to arm us for the fight,
 Grace, to conquer in Thy might.

Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
 Conflict grace to us be given:
 Grace, to help when danger's nigh,
 Grace, to bid the tempter fly.

Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
 Guiding grace to us be given:
 Grace, to show us where to go,
 Know and do Thy will below.

Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
 Strength'ning grace to us be given:
 Grace, to build us up anew,
 Grace, to make us conqu'rors too.

Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven;
Dying grace to us be given:
Grace, to rob of death its sting,
Borne upon Thy mighty wing.

When, from Heaven's eternal shore,
We shall trace our journey o'er,
Praise will be our song alway
For Thy guidance through life's day.

Eternity Near.

"The end of all things is at hand."—1 Pet. iv. 7.

"**T**HE end of all things is at hand;"
No time is for delay
To travellers bound for Zion's land,
To reign through endless day.

"The end of all things is at hand;"
Sin's conflict soon will cease,
For we, on Canaan's holy land,
Shall dwell in perfect peace.

"The end of all things is at hand;"
Sorrow will all be o'er,
When we, on Canaan's happy land,
Shall meet to part no more.

“The end of all things is at hand ;”
Then dry the mourner’s tears ;
No death is known in Canaan’s land,
Nor sins, nor doubts, nor fears.

“The end of all things is at hand ;”
Haste, pilgrim, on your way !
Rest you will find in Canaan’s land ;
“ Work while ’tis called To-day.”

“The end of all things is at hand,”
Life’s labour nearly done ;
For we are nearing Zion’s land,
That knows no setting sun.

Praise.

“Praise ye the Lord.”—Ps. cxlvi. 1.

“**P**RAISE ye the Lord,” Who rules on high,
Guiding the armies of the sky :
Omnipotent in ages past !
Omnipotent while ages last !

"Praise ye Him" in the dawn of day,
"Praise ye Him" ere your strength decay,
"Praise Him" while you have aught to give,
While you may to His glory live :
"Praise ye the Lord" with heart and voice,
And in His holy Name rejoice !

The Hope.

"The hope which is laid up for you in heaven."—Col. i. 5.

YES! upwards tends the Christian's hope,
Above all worldly things:
Earth affords not sufficient scope
For they who firmly build their hope
On Christ, the King of kings !

A hope so bright, "laid up in Heaven,"
Faith's eye can pierce the veil,—
Can see a crown that will be given,
Stands waiting at the gates of Heaven,
Till sight shall faith unveil.

Called Home.

“The Lord hath need of him.”—Mark, xi. 3.

THE heavens unfold ; when, lo ! on silvery
 wing,
 An angel, bidden by his Lord to bring
 A ransomed spirit home, made meet for bliss,
 The death-bed chamber enters ! with a kiss
 Of love divine the flickering life in sleep
 Is gently hushed : — a holy calm, too deep
 To be awake on earth ! in Christ the loved one sleeps :
 The Lord recalls His own to yonder home,
 Where storms are never heard, nor billows come ;
 So, back to Heaven the angel takes his flight,
 Bearing the spirit to God's own throne of light.
 Ye mourning ones ! with tears your eyes grow dim :
 Rest in this thought—“The Lord hath need of
 him !”



Needless Anxiety.

“Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow.”—Matt. vi. 34.

THE future is one deep mystery,
 Enclosed by love divine,
 Now hidden in eternity,
 To be revealed in time.

Lord, Thou hast bid me take no thought
 For what my future brings ;
 'Tis all with sacred mystery fraught
 By Thee, the King of kings.

Then, go before me—lead the way—
 Help me to follow Thee ;
 So shall my footsteps never stray,
 Whilst keeping close to Thee.

Prepare me, Lord, for *all* Thy will,
 And all that will for me !
 And though the future's dark, yet still
 Help me to trust in Thee.

Nor need I fear, if life or death
 To me the morrow brings !
 If *Thou* art near, I've nought to fear,
 Beneath Thy sheltering wings !

Eventide.

" Abide with us ; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. "—
 Luke, xxiv. 29.

THE day, O Lord, is spent,
 Night's shadows quickly fall ;
 Be Thou our hiding-place, our rest,
 Our Saviour, and our All.

The night of death draws near,
 The hour when we shall meet ;
 O may we be prepared t' appear,
 And worship at Thy feet !

Lord ! in us so abide,
 That when that hour shall come,
 Thy voice may bid death's stream divide,
 And we pass conqu'rors home !



The Blessing.

“ From this day will I bless you.”— Hag. ii. 19.

BATHER, GOD, unchanging Friend !
 Bless, preserve me, to life's end :
 Saviour, Thy full blessing give,
 Let me to Thy glory live :
 Spirit, Comforter, descend,
 Sanctify me to the end :
 Triune Jehovah, let me know
 Thy full blessing here below.

Bless me, Lord, with heavenly love,
 Foretaste of the joys above ;
 Bless me here with heavenly grace,
 Till I see Thee face to face :
 Bless me now with heavenly peace,
 Till my warfare all shall cease ;
 Bless me while a need I know,
 Upward, heavenward, as I go !



To Friends on their Marriage.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee : the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee : the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."—Num. vi. 24-26.

MAY Jesus guide, direct, and bless
 You both throughout life's wilderness !
 Make Him your daily, home-life Friend,
 And peace shall all your steps attend.
 God loves us to be happy here,
 And sends His gifts our hearts to cheer.
 Joy He will give, as He sees best,
 But look not here for *perfect* rest.
 Remember, life's a *chequered* scene ;
 The sun shines bright where clouds have been,
 And night succeeds the brightest day.
 Your fondest hopes may know decay.
 To Him take every joy and care,
 And He'll their burden with you share ;
 And then, no other friend you'll need,
 For Jesus is " a Friend indeed !"
 " Acknowledge Him in all your ways,"
 Blessing and peace shall crown your days !

Then, seek the blessing of your God
 On entering this untrodden road ;

Be gentle, patient, meek and kind,
And cultivate a heavenly mind.
So live together, that ye may
In glory live through endless day !
Begin and end each day with God,
So shall ye tread the heavenly road,
And He will bless your earthly home
Until you to His kingdom come !
In health and sickness He'll be nigh ;
In death will give the victory ;
Will cause His face on you to shine,
His blessing give, His love divine.
Then, may you both thus live and die,
And though death come with severing tie,
You'll meet again on Heaven's bright shore ;
And, meeting there, will part no more !

The Spirit's Seal.

" Sealed with that holy Spirit of promise."—Eph. i. 13.

HOLY Spirit ! light impart !
Claim and seal my wandering heart !
Claim it for my Saviour's throne,
Seal it for my God alone !

Let Thy sacred impress be
Stamped indelibly on me !
Claim me whilst on earth I stay,
Seal me Thine through endless day !

The Divine Conqueror.

“ The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.”—
Exod. xiv. 14.


LET God, thy God, perform His will,
’Tis thine, my soul, to trust—be still ;
In all thy conflict and thy fight
Trust in His overruling might :
Events are all at His command,
God of the earth, and sea, and land.

“ The Lord shall fight for you,” and ye
Shall find your strength in peace shall be :
The less you trust His love and power,
Fiercer will be the tempter’s hour ;
The more in patient faith you live,
More of His peace and joy He’ll give.

“The Lord shall fight for you,” and ye
Shall safely pass through Jordan’s sea;
Then, clothed in spotless raiment white,
Reflecting His own glorious light,
With joy supreme, and bliss complete,
Your God and Saviour you shall meet !

The Life-Boat.

“The sea is his, and he made it.”—Ps. xcv. 5.

ER the stormy, billowy wave,
Opening like some mighty grave,
See yon vessel in distress,
On the sea’s great wilderness—

Those piercing cries, that help may come
To bear the travellers safely home ;
When lo ! the Life-Boat, nobly manned,
Appears for rescue, on the strand

Of the mighty ocean’s bed,—
Calms with hope the speechless dread,
Holds in life the gasping breath
Of sufferers, betwixt life and death !

Laden with its precious prize,
See ! the Life-Boat nobly rides ;
Its stormy voyage now is o'er,
For it has gained the wished-for shore !

And are we not all travellers here,
Hastening to yonder sphere ?
Would you in safety reach the shore
Where tempests will be heard no more ?

Make Christ your Refuge ! He can save,
In life, and in death's mighty wave :
Will bear you to His heavenly home,
Where stormy billows never come !







